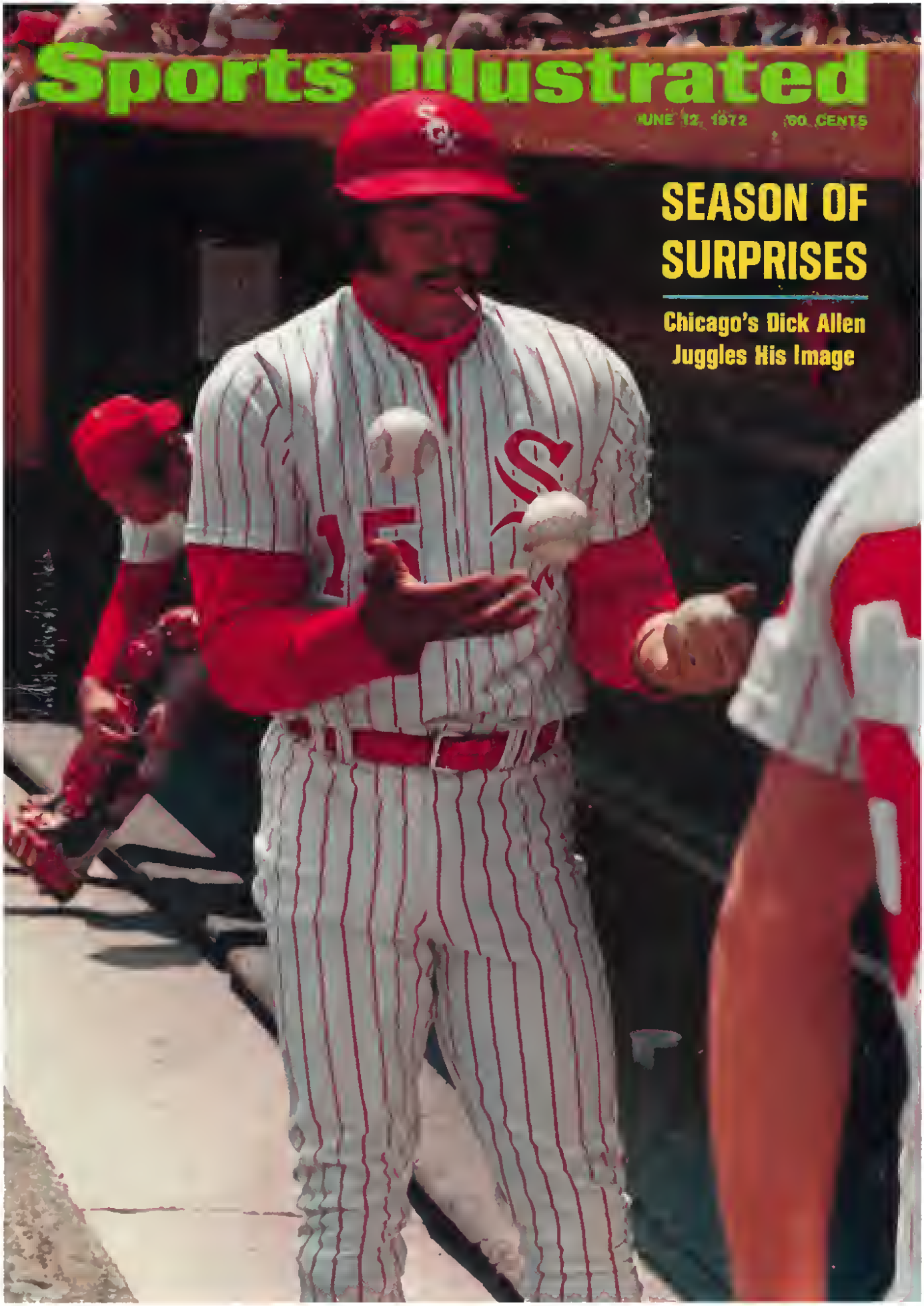
Sports Illustrated
JUNE 12, 1972 60 CENTS

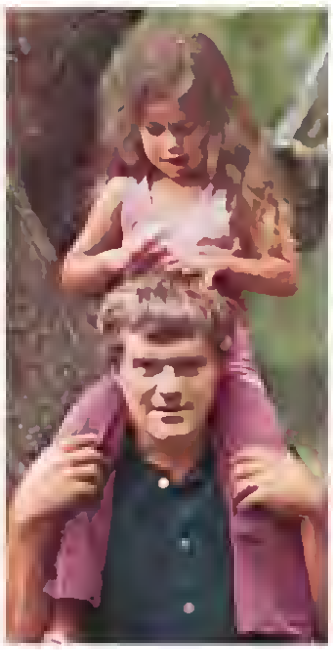
SEASON OF SURPRISES

Chicago's Dick Allen Juggles His Image



We built our Ford Torino to be the best 4-door value in the mid-size field.

Check it out.



Only Ford Motor Company completely redesigned its mid-size cars for 1972.

Ford Torino's all-new suspension and body frame construction produce an unusually smooth, quiet ride. With remarkably easy handling.

You'll find our 4-door models are sticker priced no higher than our 2-door models.

We redesigned them, too, as Pillared Hardtops. This adds structural support as well as precise door and window fit.

And since the 4-door wheelbase is longer, you get more room, more comfort.

The experts at Motor Trend Magazine checked out the four-door Torino and gave it their "Sedan of the Year" award.

As a matter of fact, most people who check out Torino like it.

This year it's outselling every other car in the mid-size field—bar none.

Check it out yourself. At your Ford Dealer's.



Ford Gran Torino 4-door Pillared Hardtop with optional vinyl roof, whitewalls and wheel covers—one of nine all-new Torinos for 1972

More car than you expected.

FORD TORINO

FORD DIVISION Ford



Don't you think the touring pros try every new ball that comes along?

It only makes sense. After all, they play golf for a living. So, they have to test every ball thoroughly. They drive it. With the wind. Against the wind. They hit approach shots. Delicate chips, putts. The works.

And you can bet that the ball they choose will deliver the most distance, the best control, the most accuracy and produce the best game of golf for them.

Year after year, after testing the latest balls on the market they arrive at the tournaments and tee up the Titleist golf ball.

In fact, this year—in spite of all the much-ballyhooed new ball introductions—Titleist is *ahead* of last year's record pace on the pro tour (over 70% of all the money won on the P.G.A. Tour this year has been won with the Titleist golf ball!).

Remember—no one is paid to play Titleist. They play it because it pays off.

ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT

Sold through golf shops only

Titleist: the money ball



Way out west beside the banks of the Bighorn River, about midway between Basin and Thermopolis, is a place called National Car Rental.

It's there because Worland is there.

And the people who find their way to Worland need cars.

Just as the people who come to our rental counters in Waukesha and Wycoff and Wayzata need cars.

You see, all roads don't just lead to New York and Chicago and L.A.

So why should we rent cars just in New York and Chicago and L.A. and the like?

When you've got more new G.M. cars than anyone else in the world, you don't mind going out of your way for customers.

To reserve a fine new car at any of our 2400 worldwide locations call 800-328-4567 toll free.* On rentals in the U.S., we thank you with S&H Green Stamps.†

NATIONAL CAR RENTAL

Take advantage of us.

National Car Rental System in Canada is Tilden Rent A Car. * In Montreal [illegible] 344-12[illegible] U.S. rent is only except where prohibited by Law. © National Car Rental System, Inc. 1972

Contents

JUNE 12, 1972 *Volume 36, No. 24*

Cover photograph by John Iacono

20 What's Going on Out There?
Right from the non-beginning a giddy baseball season has been unfurling surprise after surprise

24 The Day Rigger Mortis Set Out
Adversity stalked Pennsylvania, but the crew couldn't have cared less. Off in high, it won the IRA easily

26 Bubble Bath for the Blue Blue Jays
Johns Hopkins came prepared with champagne Virginia, though, drank the deep draughts at the lacrosse finals

28 Splashing Down the Stretch
What has six tires and swims? Why, the All-Terrain Vehicle that slogged its way to a muddy national title

36 The Wreck of Veeck
When he took over Suffolk Downs the pols tried to climb aboard, but in the end it was not they who sank his ship

U.S. Open—1972

52 *The place: Mists, mountains and magic*

59 *The tournament: A time to sparkle plenty*

88 Where There's Smokey There's Fire
Is the Bear a dud, an adman's fancy, or is he a useful symbol? That is the burning issue among foresters

The departments

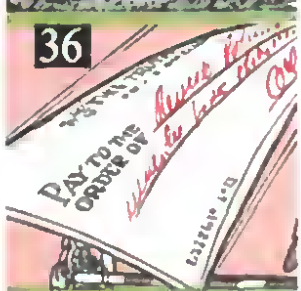
13 Scorecard
62 People
67 Baseball
72 Horse racing
83 Bridge
84 Track & Field
107 For the Record
108 19th Hole















SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James R. Shepley, President; Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands $12.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world $8.50 a year, all others $16.00 a year

Credits on page 107

Next week

KEY TO THE MINT of money offered in the Belmont is usually in how the winner is trained. Horseman Elliott Burch is 3 for 3 in the classic. How will he do in '72?

ALL WORK and no play has made Dan Gable America's finest wrestler—and kept his weight at 149½ pounds. This is achieved by simply sweating off 60 pounds every week.

DR PEPPER is his poison, hamburger pizza his idea of a real gourmet meal and he owns one suit—also three ball clubs and 32 tennis pros. A portrait of Lamar Hunt by Jack Olsen.

© 1972 TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT PERMISSION IS PROHIBITED.



17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 71.

© 1972 BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP

Sports Illustrated

Founder: Henry R. Luce (deceased)

Editor-in-Chief: Hedley Donovan
Chairman of the Board: Andrew Heiskell
President: James R. Shepley
Chairman, Executive Committee: James A. Linen
Editorial Director: Louis Banks

Vice Chairman: Roy E. Larsen

Managing Editor: Andre Laguerre
Executive Editor: Ron Fimrite
Assistant Managing Editors: John Hall, Ray Cave, Jeremiah Tax

Art Director: Richard Gangel

Senior Editors: Dan Anderson, Walter Bingham, Robert H. Boyle, Arthur J. Bradley, Robert Creamer, Robert W. Creamer, Andrew Cruickshank, Frank Deford, Dan Jenkins, William Leggett, Hamilton R. Mackie, Ozzie Osborne, Coles Phinizy, Herbert Reginald Reaves, Kenneth Rudeen, Patricia Ryan, Whitney Tower, John Underwood

Associate Editors: Gordon S. Brown, Joseph Carroll, Clay Felker, Joe Jares, William Johnson, Robert F. Jones, Jerry Kirshenbaum, Anastasia Kraft, Mark Kram, Barbara Lee Fontaine, Pat Putnam, Marion Sherman, Edwin Shrake, M. R. Werner, Hugh D. Wilson

Staff Writers: Roy Blount Jr., Jeannette Bruce, Douglas Cull, Peter Carry, Ron Fimrite, Alan Hedges, Gerry Kirkpatrick, Paul Levin, Barry McDermott, Mary Mallory, Harold Peterson, Ron Reid, [illegible]

Photography: Richard Meek, George J. Bloodsworth, Thomas Nebbia, Hy Peskin, Dick Raphael, Dick Swanson, Mery Thompson, Contributing Photographers: Jerry Cooke, Gerry Cranham, Ray De Carrera, James Drake, Walter Iooss Jr., Heinz Kluetmeier, Neil Leifer, Bill Schaefer, Ed Schoenfeld, Shorsty & Zorge, Peter Stackpole, Tony Triolo

Production Manager: Jerome W. Tisch

Chief of Research: Marvin D. Hyman

Writer-Reporters: Pamela Knight, Lynn Sloan, Mary Yost, Leah Herman Wenkoff, Nancy Williamson, Special Projects

Senior Reporters: Sarah Pileggi (Deputy Chief), Jane Lindh, Rose Mary Mechaber, Paula Phelps, Dee Wallace, Walford

Reporters: George L. Corry, Ben Dellaverson, Muriel Gallard, Jan Greer, Kent Hannon, Jon Kaplan, Lois F. Keith Jr., Marshall Cyrenus Rawling II, Roger Stein, Sally Reed Ellis, Scott D. Mercer, Staff Stenographer

Art Department: Harvey Grut, Marion Nelson, Associate Editors, Bren Dan L. Mahley, Cecil Quigley, Wilma Bernstein, Jerry Schwartz, Carlos Sequeda, Theresa Nick Lanza

Copy Desk: Betty De Mott (Copy Chief), Iris Hunt, Jeffrey, Lee Daniel, Ellen Geller, Barrie Kara, Dolores Rudeen, Robert H. Weitzner

Production: Wayne Lee (Manager), Mary Ellen Rice, Kenneth Thurlen

Administrative Department: Maurice Hunt, Carol Mae Thomas, Mary Counts

Special Contributors: Clarence Hall, Robert W. Lipsyte, Mimi Kerr, Thomas McLean, Marshall Lee Smith, Jack Olsen, Tony Tully, William F. Talbot

Special Correspondents: [illegible]

Canada: Montreal: Arthur Siegel, Toronto: Ron Meyer, Fred Vermorel, Jim Wheeler

Time-Life News Service: Dick Murray, J. Gregory Sullivan, R. Edward Jackson, Robert Parker

Editorial Services: Paul Welch (Director), Eleanor Graves, Peter Spath, Norman Airey, Nicholas Costello Jr., Peter Diaz, Craig Karas, Darrell Sifford

Publisher: J. Richard Munro
Associate Publisher: Harry Schnibbe Jr.
Business Manager: [illegible]
Advertising Sales Director: William Sharp Jr.
Circulation Director: [illegible]
Promotion Director: Herb Rubin
New Projects Director: Richard Hughes

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

This week's story on the Monterey Peninsula was written by Sarah Pileggi, who has been with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED since 1961, in roles ranging from factual sleuth to friendly persuader. In recent years her main responsibility has been to check the accuracy of our golf stories, a task she approaches with determination. She is seldom content, however, simply with affirming fact in a story. Her perceptive suggestions on matters of taste and content have made her doubly valuable to editors with whom she has worked (also to her husband, writer Nicholas Pileggi). Since 1969 she has been the magazine's Deputy Chief of Research.

Our planned preview of the 1972 U.S. Open at Pebble Beach called for a description of the colorful Monterey area that could complement Dan Jenkins' analysis of the tournament. Sarah, who is from the West Coast (she was born in Seattle, grew up around Los Angeles and graduated from Stanford) and is familiar with Monterey, was assigned to write it.

She enlisted the services of her sister, who lives in Palo Alto, as a researcher, read source material by everybody from Junipero Serra to John Steinbeck and went back to Monterey to re-explore. She traveled the picturesque and variegated region, south to Big Sur, north to Watsonville, east to Salinas and beyond, with—as may be seen on page 52—lively and informative results.

Besides her journalistic talents, Sarah displays considerable, but selective, athletic abilities. She is, for instance, a genius with the old wooden-paddle-and-ball-on-a-rubberband thing, variously called Bollo, Fli-Back, Hi-Li. She says she was tetherball champion of her sixth grade. She plays a good game of tennis and is not bad at softball. Last summer, when an SI team met a group of New York sportswriters in, of all places, Yankee Stadium, she was allowed to pinch-hit, and beat out a grounder. It didn't help; SI lost anyway, 16–2.



PALMER AND PILEGGI (RIGHT) PREPARE

Although Sarah does not play golf, she has become a fixture at such major tournaments as the Open, the PGA and the Masters and certainly has seen more championship golf than most people. To be perfectly accurate, she has seen *three-fourths* of more championship golf than most people. On Sundays, when final rounds are played, our schedule requires her to fly back to New York in time to be in the office to check the stories as they start going to press.

"Just once," she says, "I'd like to see a tournament end."

Dick Munro



Catherine Deneuve for Chanel

Spray Perfume and Spray Cologne 6.00 each, Eau de Cologne from 4.00, Perfume from 8.50.

GET A LITTLE MORE IN THE NAVY

MORE OF A JOB, MORE TRAINING: The Navy can guarantee you your job (there's over 65 to choose from) or the Navy can guarantee you get to a school where you'll learn one.

MORE CHOICE—NEW 3 YEAR ENLISTMENT: You can come in for 6 years or 4 years or now, 3 years.

MORE GUARANTEES: You can be guaranteed East or West Coast and choice of sea duty or airman recruit work.

MORE TRAVEL: See Africa. See Europe. See Japan. Join the Navy and see the world. (It's still true.)

MORE BREAD: New guys now earn $288 a month. (Congress gave us a raise.)

MORE HAIR: You can wear a beard (nicely trimmed) if you want to. It's a Naval tradition; it's also a brand new Navy.

MORE FREEBIES: Besides free travel and free education and that $288 a month, you get free food and free clothing and free housing and free health care and 30 paid vacation days per year.

CALL THIS NUMBER:

800-424-8880

It's toll free and a real live Navy recruiter will answer all your questions 24 hours a day, seven days a week. In Washington, D.C. call 433-2000.

OR SEE YOUR NAVY MAN RIGHT NOW.

He's listed in your phone book under U.S. GOVERNMENT, NAVY. He's got all the answers—or he knows where to find them.



To a man they say Cutty Sark.

And when it comes to Scotch, Cutty Sark says it all.



Cutty Sark Scots Whisky.
The only one of its kind.

AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED @ PROOF

BOOKTALK

Brooks Atkinson gives a rave review to nature, a mixed review to civilization

An elderly English professor of mine occasionally conducted our writing seminars on the patio of his house, hard by a woods on the outskirts of Nashville. One day, while we sipped beer and he played his folk guitar—on such afternoons it seemed we rarely discussed writing—we were interrupted by a songbird that had come to feed in the backyard. The professor stopped his playing and we all listened for a while, amused and somewhat embarrassed. Finally the old man said, "That bird is mine, you know. We understand each other."

My English professor and Brooks Atkinson, the former drama critic and foreign correspondent, would have gotten along famously. In *This Bright Land* (Doubleday/Natural History Press, $5.95) Atkinson writes about the natural wonder of America and its systematic despoiling by four centuries of "civilized" man. Yet his is not the usual polemic leveled against the abusers of our continent. Rather, it is a low-keyed description of our natural resources and an appeal for their preservation. It is not the kind of book that makes one want to throw oneself in front of bulldozers, but rather to take long walks through a Vermont woods or pole a flat-bottomed boat into the quiet of the Florida Everglades.

Atkinson tells us what America once was—"Earth's only paradise," in the words of an Elizabethan poet—then gives us a gentle tour of what is left. He takes us down the Mississippi. He guides us through the Grand Canyon, at whose edge the first explorers turned back in disgust, branding it a wasteland. He celebrates the wonder of New Jersey's Great Swamp, which some would prefer as a jetport. He shows us the Everglades, nearly killed by drought a few years back when the Army Corps of Engineers, in the interest of flood control, shut off the imperceptible flow of fresh water from Lake Okeechobee that keeps the 'Glades alive.

The point of the book is nowhere stated so cogently as in its last chapter. Atkinson lives in the Catskills near a section of state *forest planted in the 1930s when local farms* and pastures became unproductive. One August morning, Atkinson notes, "a solitary rose-breasted grosbeak sat in the top spray of a tall spruce and sang with great resonance and beauty. There seemed to be no practical motive for singing [but] after thirty-five years, the spruces had created an environment in which a grosbeak felt content, and he said so gloriously."

In other words, Atkinson seems to say, we don't need cosmic reasons for saving what we have. The song of a grosbeak on a summer morn will do nicely.

—Kim Chapin

If you owned your own distillery you'd probably try to make Old Fitzgerald.

If you owned your own distillery, you wouldn't mind spending a little extra time and money to make a truly prime Bourbon.

If you were making it for yourself you wouldn't cut corners or take short cuts. You would use the best ingredients money can buy. You'd age your handmade sour mash Bourbon for seven long years and check it almost every day.

When your Bourbon is ready it would be truly distinctive with a flavor all its own. And quality that can only happen when you make a product for your own enjoyment.

You might even call your Bourbon Prime. For it surely would be.

Our family owns a distillery that has been making Bourbon for personal enjoyment for over 100 years.

If you don't own your own distillery you might enjoy our Bourbon. We call our Bourbon Prime. Prime Old Fitzgerald. It's well made, well aged and well worth the price.

We'd like to share some with you.



Julian P. VanWinkle Jr.
President & Proprietor

OLD FITZGERALD

Prime Bourbon 86.8 proof. From Kentucky's oldest family distillery. Estab. 1849 in Louisville.



Why we named the #1 rum in the Caribbean after the #1 nut in Spain.

Because we liked what Don Quixote stood for. The search for perfection.

The same kind of search that made us try for a rum that was better than any on the islands. Where great rum comes from.

And we made it. And the islanders made it #1.

Give Don Q® a try. You may go a little nuts over it yourself.

Don Q Rum: Search no more.

DON Q® IMPORTS, HARTFORD, CONN., RUM 80 AND 151 PROOF.

the ultimate siblings





Rollei
...ultimately

Rollei has been wedded to quality since 1920. It's family of fine photographic equipment sets a standard of excellence that is rarely if ever equalled. Each Rollei product is the result of precision craftsmanship painstakingly created to provide literally decades of pleasure. From 35 mm cameras to giant studio lighting equipment, each product has been designed for maximum versatility in its field. Two of the ultimate siblings from Rollei are the "pocketable" 35's. That's exactly what these two famous Rollei cameras are. pocketable! Small... smaller than a pack of 100's cigarettes, yet both take full frame 35mm photographs using the same films used by world famous photographers. The Rollei 35, shown in its gift kit, features the famous Zeiss Tessar f/3.5 lens, speeds from 1/2 sec. to 1/500 sec. The built in coupled CdS exposure meter insures accurate photography under [illegible] you do [illegible] more light use the [illegible] E15B Rollei 28mm pocket flash with recharge [illegible] and batteries [illegible] offers a guide number of 60 for color negative film. The less expensive B35 features a Zeiss Triotar f/3.5 lens, built in Gossen exposure meter, shutter speeds from 1/30 sec. to 1/500 sec., full flash synchronization, weighs only 9 1/2 ounces, the lightest camera available. Both cameras take beautiful color prints and slides, and the perfect way to show your color slides is on one of the famous Rollei projectors. Ask your photographic dealer to help you select the Rollei equipment, from picture taking to picture showing, that is right for you. Price? A lot lower than you think. For more information write Rollei of America, Inc., 103C Lehigh Drive, Fairfield, New Jersey 07006.

from the makers of the world famous Rolleiflex

THAT ELEGANT STRAIGHT-8

(It's never been outclassed.)



The Car
a classic straight-8 Packard. The 1931 Dual Cowl Phaeton with front and rear windshields and detachable trunk.

The Whiskey:
the elegant straight-8 bourbon by Hiram Walker himself. Aged 8 years in the oak and never outclassed.

WALKER'S DeLUXE

That elegant straight-8



© 1971 HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC. PEORIA, ILL. • STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86 PROOF

We make millions of Maxflis a month... but it takes us a month to make each one.



When we build a Maxfli we build it to be the very best golf ball you can play. We figure that's the kind of ball you want from us.

And that takes time. And painstaking care. And testing and retesting, every step of the way.

Every Maxfli begins to take form with a liquid heart, sealed in pure rubber. We test it for roundness, then freeze it to keep it that way.

Then it gets its first careful winding of rubber thread, and a compression test for hardness. The survivors get a second winding of thread — almost 1,000 feet of rubber goes into every Maxfli.

Then there are more tests, more checks, and the balls which pass get their balata covers, the finest (and costliest) in golf. Still more tests and finishing, and the name "Maxfli" goes on.

All this takes 30 days. The best is rarely achieved in haste.

All this is why Maxfli balls cost more to make than other balls. But Maxfli costs *you* no more than *the next best*. That's probably one reason more people play Dunlop than any other ball in the world. Maxfli by Dunlop, Buffalo, N.Y. Toronto, Ont. Sold only by Golf Professionals.

In golf, the name of the game is DUNLOP



Presenting an obvious but brilliant idea.

Front-wheel drive in a sporty coupe.



The new Renault 15 coupe.

If ever there was a breed of car that demanded front-wheel drive, it is the sporty coupe.

Until now, a lot of sexy 4 seaters that look like dream machines in the driveway have embarrassed their owners on the road. In designing our sporty car, we did the obvious. We gave it front-wheel drive to make sure its handling lived up to its looks.

Instead of being shoved from behind by fixed wheels, you are pulled along by the same wheels you're steering with for better control. And because the engine's weight is over them, those wheels really take a good bite into the road.

You have, in other words, a terrific looking coupe that actually holds the road a lot better than many so-called sports cars.

What the front-wheel drive pulls around is also noteworthy: It has a tough aluminum engine, double-barrel carburetor, ultra precise rack-and-pinion steering, steel-belted radial tires, front disc brakes, stabilizer bars front and rear, a smooth 4-on-the-floor synchromesh gear box, a roomy interior with 4 sinfully plush seats and a price of $3325.*

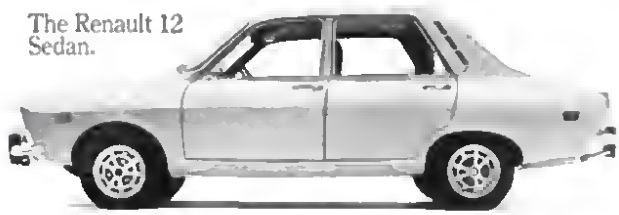
Above all, with front-wheel drive, it is quite simply a better-handling sporty coupe. Period.

In fact, while they aren't as roguish in appearance, our other Renaults have much in common with the Renault 15. Including the uncanny road holding of front-wheel drive.

Which is just as good an idea for non-sporty cars.

But not as obvious.

The Renault 12 Sedan.



The Renault 12 Station Wagon



The Renault 16 Sedan-Wagon.



RENAULT

World's largest producer of front-wheel drive cars.

They shaved with today's 3 leading electrics*...



Pilot | Engineer | Bowling Alley Owner

then with the new Schick Flexamatic...



and they got this much more beard off!



* Completely unrehearsed test done for television.

Close because the head is thin
The new Schick Flexamatic's shaving head is extra thin, so the blades come close to your skin line (microfine holes allow only your beard through, not your skin). And these are precision Schick blades, 34 of them, to shave as sharp as anything you've ever used before in an electric.



Actual photograph of Flexamatic head

That's why the Flexamatic outshaved the "rotary" type electric, the "fastback," and the one with replaceable blades. And each man got a pile of whiskers that the competition missed.

Comfortable because the head is flexible



But the Schick Flexamatic doesn't just give a closer shave, it gives a comfortable shave. Because the head is flexible so it fits the contours of your face. Flexible—so it feels comfortable. Thin—so the blades get in closer.

14-day home trial
Ask your nearest Schick dealer about the money-back 14-day home trial.



Get the new Schick Flexamatic... because a thinner shaving head means a closer shave!

It makes a great gift!

SCHICK

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

WAIT A LITTLE WHILE

Signing college basketball players to professional contracts has become something of a national pastime the last few years, so much so that collegiate officials concerned with the future of their game object fervently to the practice, usually on the grounds that it is unethical or "bad for the boy."

Bob James, commissioner of the Atlantic Coast Conference, is a bit more practical. "We're going to do something," he says. "We're not going to sit back and let the agents ruin the college game." James and the ACC say that while they will encourage student-athletes to finish college before turning to a professional athletic career, they recognize that "economic factors coupled with an unusual opportunity" are persuasive reasons for a collegian to sign a contract. James therefore has consulted lawyers, tax men, investment counselors and the like and has come up with a plan, which the ACC has approved and which James will personally explain to players at each school in the conference.

He will ask them to promise not to discuss a professional career with anyone but parents or coaches or athletic directors. In return, if a player is thinking of turning pro, the ACC will provide him with legal and financial guidance at no cost. It will not act as agent or representative, the ACC hastens to add. The service will be solely educational and will be designed to help the player understand contracts, tax problems and investments and thus enable him to make a reasonably intelligent appraisal of his future under a professional contract.

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES

Amid the continuing flap about where and when the Joe Frazier-Muhammad Ali return bout will be held, a persistent anti-California note has been heard, despite the fact that Jack Kent Cooke, the Los Angeles sports entrepreneur, has both the contract for the rematch and an arena in which to hold it. Bob Turley, executive secretary of the California Athletic Commission, says, "I wouldn't be surprised if Frazier is backing away from a title fight in California because of the rigorous physical examination we require here." Turley thinks it significant that Yank Durham, Frazier's manager, saw to it that the champion's recent tune-up fights were held in Louisiana and Nebraska, where there is relatively little supervision of boxing, and suggests that Frazier might have a physical problem, possibly with his eyes.

Frazier denies this, saying, "Yank Durham don't want me to fight in Los Angeles. He's got some personal reasons. He don't like the rules, or something."

Turley says, "He doesn't like the physical examination rules. He doesn't want Frazier to be checked by our ophthalmologist."

IS GOOLAGONG GOING?

Billie Jean King's defeat of Evonne Goolagong last Sunday in the finals of the French Open was sweet revenge for her loss to the Australian girl at Wimbledon a year ago. It also served to revive interest in the comments Mrs. King made a few weeks back after she won the $20,000 Indianapolis Tournament, last event on the women's winter-spring tour. Asked if she would be back in Indianapolis in August to defend her National Clay Court title, Billie Jean said no, she didn't think so, not if Evonne was in the field. Billie Jean is a bulwark of the professional women's tour. Evonne, a fledgling in the tennis-money game, has been reaping her monetary awards where she can, under the guidance of her coach, Vic Edwards.

"She always gets a guarantee," complained Mrs. King, "and that's illegal under our rules. I can't prove she'll get a guarantee here, but I'm positive she will. And I don't feel it's fair. She's not supporting our circuit, which is her privilege, but the future of women's tennis is in the tour. We do all the work and then she asks for a guarantee and comes boppin' in."

Stan Malless, USLTA secretary and director of the clay court tournament, angrily replied, "I resent Billie Jean's implications. Vic Edwards indicated Evonne might play in Indianapolis, but I promise you I haven't paid a guarantee to man or woman since *prize-money tournaments began. And I've* given no expense money to any player playing for money. This thing is a power play by the tour people. They've been trying to get Evonne for some time."

Malless said he would not bar the Australian girl just to appease Mrs. King and the tour players. "I won't turn her down because others threaten not to play," he insisted.

THE GREEK'S WORD

There is a disc jockey in the Kansas City area named Jimmy (The Greek) Morgan who likes to stir up his listeners with controversial comments. Morgan is a baseball fan and recently he spent a good part of his four-hour show criticizing John Mayberry, the Kansas City Royal first baseman. Mayberry, obtained from the Houston Astros in an off-season trade, had not been hitting well, and Morgan said over the air that he ought to be sent down to the Royals' Class AAA farm club in Omaha. An anti-Mayberry listener phoned in to agree but said Omaha was too good for him, he should be sent all the way down to the Class A farm in Waterloo, Iowa. Morgan endorsed that idea, but then a pro-Mayberry fan objected to the disparagement. "Morgan," he said, "suppose Mayberry hits two home runs tonight. Would you go to Waterloo instead?" Certainly, Morgan replied,



continued



Our new movie camera is for new movie makers.

In the few seconds that smile flashes, you don't have time to fiddle with distances and settings.

So we made a camera that does it all for you. One that looks as good as the movies it takes. Our new Focus-Matic® 493SF movie camera.

Where some cameras have a manual setting for distance, we have Focus-Matic. It automatically sets the lens for the subject distances so you can shoot sharp, clear movies every time.

There's also a CdS electric eye that gives you exact exposures automatically. Even with the new fast color film designed for low-light situations. When there's not enough light, Stop/Go Exposure Indicator tells you so.

A fast f/1.9 lens with 3-to-1 power zoom is standard. So at the touch of a button, you can move in for telephoto close-ups or out for wide angle shots.

And since the viewing is thru-the-lens, you capture on film exactly what you see through the viewfinder. If someone loses their head over our new camera, it won't be your fault.

Three other Focus-Matic 400 super 8 movie cameras are available from as low as $89.95.* See them now at your Bell & Howell dealer.



GET AN OFFICIAL UNION 76 RACING JACKET.
The same one worn by the pros. Regularly sold at $5.95. Only $3.00 with the purchase of any Bell & Howell Focus-Matic 400 camera. Offer expires June 30, 1972.



Model 493SF.
*Manufacturer's Suggested List Price.

BELL & HOWELL

Wilson X-31. For the golfer who wants to get the ball in the air more often and hit it farther.

The WILSON X-31 is made for players who are less than consistent in getting the ball up off the fairway and are being robbed of important distance on too many shots.

To help them get the ball up consistently we've designed the X-31 irons with the "radius sole".

It is extremely wide, and is curved from leading edge to back in a gentle arc similar to that of a normal golf swing. (see top diagram)

This curvature allows the club head to flow through the shot smoothly, sliding easily across the turf without dragging or digging in.

And as a further safeguard against digging in, the leading edge of the X-31 is beveled.

Notice, too, that the extra width of the sole puts greater weight below the center line of the ball on impact so that the power of the stroke is delivered low on the ball. Result: fast lift and extra yardage.

The X 31 sole is also contoured from heel to toe.

Since a smaller segment of the sole comes in contact with the turf, there's little chance of digging in, or for "turf drag". (see bottom diagram) Result: more club head speed and greater accuracy.

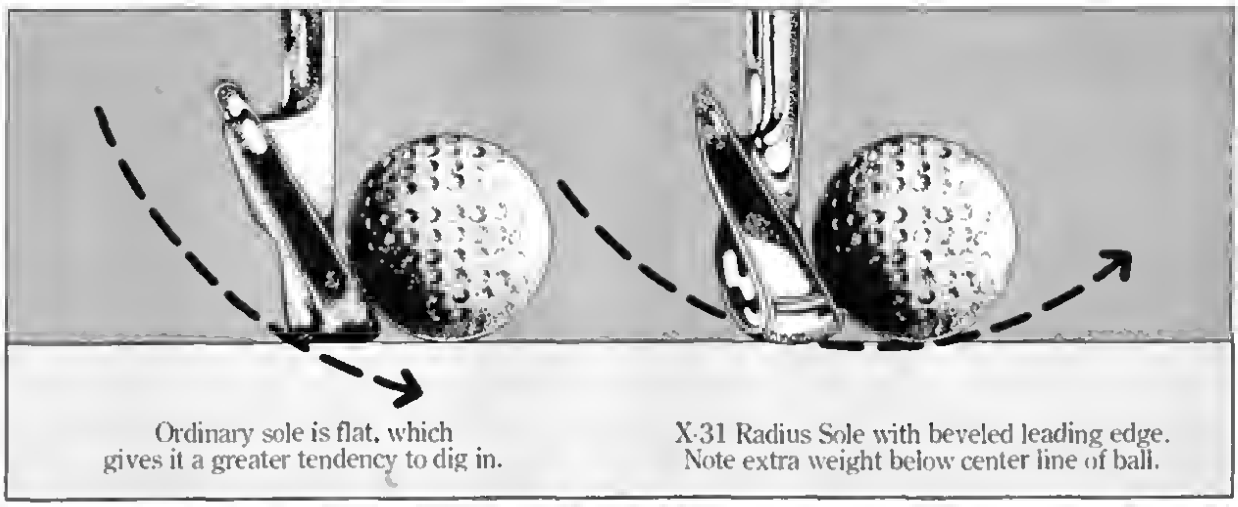
If you find yourself digging in when you attempt to get under the ball, or if you're losing too much distance and accuracy because of turf drag, the flat-sole clubs you're playing now aren't going to help you very much, or very soon.

Next time you're around the pro shop, hit a few with a Wilson X-31.

You're probably a lot better golfer than you think you are.

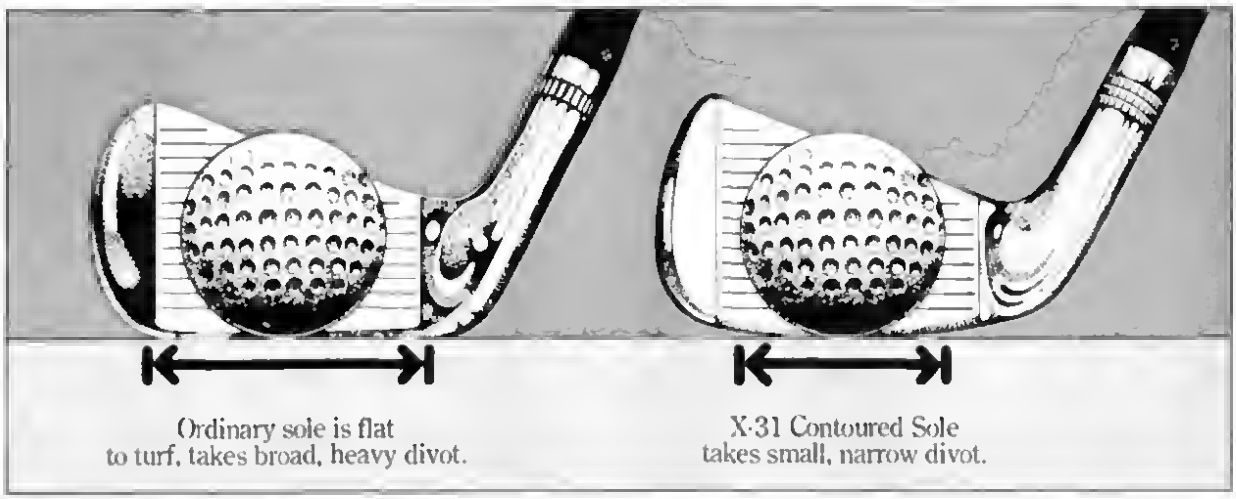
Wilson X-31 Clubs

For shots that get up faster and go farther.



Ordinary sole is flat, which gives it a greater tendency to dig in.

X-31 Radius Sole with beveled leading edge. Note extra weight below center line of ball.



Ordinary sole is flat to turf, takes broad, heavy divot.

X-31 Contoured Sole takes small, narrow divot.

WILSON and X-31 are trademarks of Wilson Sporting Goods Co.

implying that such a development was out of the range of possibility.

That night at the ball park some fans unfurled a bed sheet sign that read. "Go, John, Hit Two. Send The Greek to Waterloo." And, shades of Joe Hardy, Mayberry hit two home runs. Morgan, who had been out of the studio on a remote broadcast, was stunned. "When I came back to the studio and checked the news ticker," he said, "I couldn't believe it. But I knew I had to go to Waterloo."

A man of his word and a bear for publicity, Morgan boarded a bus the next morning at 7 30. It took 7½ hours to get to Waterloo. The disc jockey had a cup of coffee and a quick look around and got on the first bus back to Kansas City. He arrived home at 2 a.m. Of Waterloo, he said, "A nice place but strictly one horse. The best thing I can wish for John Mayberry is that he never has to play ball there. I hope he hits 50 homers this season."

THE MYSTERIOUS MONTAGUE

John Montague, who died the other day in California at the age of 67, was one of the true folk heroes of the 1930s. Stories about a fabulous golfer in Hollywood kept surfacing in columns and in conversations around golf clubs. He was not a professional and did not play in amateur tournaments, but the things he could do on a golf course were phenomenal. He was called the best golfer in the world, someone you had to see to believe. He could land a chip shot on a handkerchief. If he found his ball behind a tree, he would deliberately hit a 90° slice so that the ball would curve directly toward the green. He won $1,000 from Bing Crosby, then a low-handicap player, using a shovel, a rake, a baseball bat and a hoe. And so on. He was a marvel but he avoided publicity and his golf was essentially a private affair. Inevitably, he became known as the Mysterious Montague.

Late in 1937 pressure from his celebrity friends and the assurance of a substantial fee brought him into the light. He played a charity game on Long Island with Babe Ruth and Babe Didrikson. Exposed to the press and public, the Mysterious Montague's golf game proved merely competent. He was good but not great, proficient but not at all amazing. The bubble burst.

Publicity undid him in another way. Police in upstate New York, hearing the stories from California, suspected he was really LaVerne Moore, wanted for robbery. He was arrested and went on trial. He was acquitted, but it made little difference. Montague was no longer a mystery. The legend had ended, 35 years before the man did.

UNTIE THAT TIE

There will be no ties in high school football in Ohio this fall. The state high school athletic association is going to experiment with a sudden-death tie breaker, mostly to make it simpler to select teams for the state championship playoffs. If regulation time ends with the game tied, the winner of a coin toss has the choice of taking the ball on the 10-yard line (10 yards to go for a touchdown) or giving it to the other team on the 10. The offensive side gets four downs to score a touchdown or a field goal, and it can kick for the extra point or try for a two-point conversion.

Once a team scores, or if it fails to score in four downs, or if it loses the ball on a fumble or an interception, the other team gets the ball on the 10. (The teams take their four downs at the same end of the field in order to keep wind and field conditions for both sides as much alike as possible.) If the score is still tied after each has had its turn, they go through the same thing again. And, if necessary, again, until the tie is broken.

Should be fun to watch. Or excruciating.

TURMOIL IN THE BIG TEN

The Big Ten, once the firmest and strongest athletic conference in the country, seems to spend most of its time bemoaning its fate, which is hard times, athletically and financially. At the conference meeting late in May, Athletic Director Don Canham of Michigan, one of the most stable schools in the group, cried, "We have to start some form of de-escalation or pretty soon we'll go under." Canham was reiterating the general concern about high costs. He noted that even though Michigan drew a record crowd of 105,000 to one football game last fall and averaged near capacity for basketball games at its 13,609-seat Crisler Arena, the athletic department was in a financial bind.

He cited the expense of athletic scholarships ($700,000), recruiting ($30,000 for telephone calls alone), operation (heating and lighting Crisler Arena runs about $100,000); he said there were too many assistant coaches and too much scouting. He declared that since it was impossible to raise ticket prices much higher than they are now, there was no choice but to cut back on expenses. His argument faltered when he indicated he felt the university administration might absorb more of the costs of running the athletic department, but the gist remained: the Big Ten was in trouble.

And, lo, the representatives at the meeting did something, although something that appeared on the surface to be penny-wise and pound-foolish. They proposed that football and basketball scholarships stay the same (120 in football and 24 in basketball over a four-year period) but that those in minor sports be cut from 34 a year to 15. James (Doc) Counsilman, swimming coach at Indiana, whose teams have given the Big Ten its only NCAA championships over the past few years, screamed in pain. "The mandate to cut budgets came from the university presidents," he argued, "but this is kind of in reverse. Football budgets run about $1 million, minor sports about $30,000 to $50,000. It seems logical to me to cut back in football, where the big money is.

"Indiana was against these proposals," he said. "Maybe we should get out of the Big Ten. If you can't get along with your wife, you divorce her."

THEY SAID IT

- Muhammad Ali: "You can see Joe Frazier's fights on home television. When I fight, they need four satellites to broadcast it."
- Billy Grabarkewitz, Los Angeles Dodger infielder, on the name on the back of his uniform: "Unless I spread my arms, you can't see the G and the Z."
- Paul Brown, Cincinnati Bengal coach, on the decision to move in the hashmarks on pro football fields: "It's going to affect the game more than is generally realized. It takes the sidelines away from the defense. I think we'll have more passing, more teams gambling on third down, fewer field goals."
- Don Zimmer, San Diego Padre manager, watching rookie Derrel Thomas talking to his boyhood idol, Maury Wills: "That's what's wrong with the world today. Thomas is asking Wills for advice and he's doing 90% of the talking."

END



Pierre Cardin decided it takes more than clothes to make the man.

Pierre Cardin's Personal Collection For Men. Man's Cologne $9. $6. After Shave Lotion $6. After Shave Balm $6. Soap-on-a-Rope $4. Aerosol Deodorant $3.50. Aerosol Shave Foam $3.50.


FT CARSON
FT DIX
FT ORD
FT BRAGG

Try out for some of our uniforms.

Today's Army values athletes.

We value them because they hustle, they work, they understand teamwork, they accept responsibility, they have spirit and help make a better Army.

And today's athlete can develop in the Army. Because we have every sport imaginable. For every level of talent. In the finest playing facilities. With some of the best equipment available, and some of the best coaches.

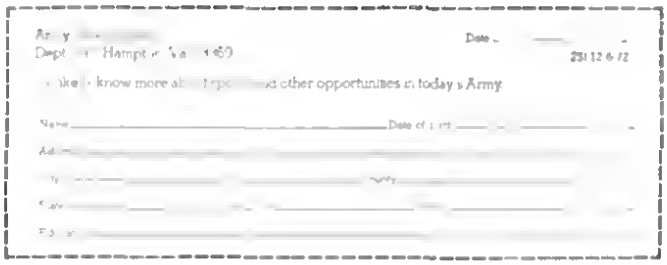
You can take your sport seriously. 14% of our 1968 Olympic team was Army.

Or you can hack around. A half-court game, shirts against the skins. With nets!

Today's athlete will like other things about the Army. The opportunity to learn a skill. A starting salary of $288 a month. All meals, housing, clothing, medical and dental care free. And 30 days paid vacation a year.

We'd like to recruit you for the Army team. Send us the coupon, or write. Army Opportunities, Dept. 200A, Hampton, Va. 23369.

Today's Army wants to join you.



Sports Illustrated
JUNE 12, 1972

WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE?

From the beginning, it was apparent this would be no ordinary baseball season—particularly since it did not even begin at the beginning. The players' strike, which delayed opening day by more than a week, was only the first surprise of many in a topsy-turvy year that has seen the mighty falter and the weak inherit the AstroTurf.

Some verities do, of course, persist—Leo Durocher's irascibility, Billy Martin's pugnacity, Roberto Clemente's hypochondria, Willie McCovey's fragility, Joe Pepitone's absenteeism, Hoyt Wilhelm's venerability, Mickey Lolich's portliness—but there is a general feeling of disorientation, a sense that people and places simply are not where they are supposed to be. Willie Mays, for one, is no longer a Giant but a Met, and the Giants are in last place, not first. The Washington Senators are no more, and in their reincarnation as the Texas Rangers they are not, for some reason, entirely hopeless. Rusty Staub is not in Canada, Jim Fregosi is not in California, Frank Robinson is not in Baltimore, Sam McDowell is not in Cleveland, Gaylord Perry is not in San Francisco and Alex Johnson is not in trouble. Nomadic and nonchalant Dick Allen (*see cover*), who could be almost anywhere, is now in Chicago, and, surprise of surprises, he seems to like it there, hitting game-winning homers and receiving homage as the White Sox leader. Vida Blue was nowhere for a while, and now he has started his season later than the rest.

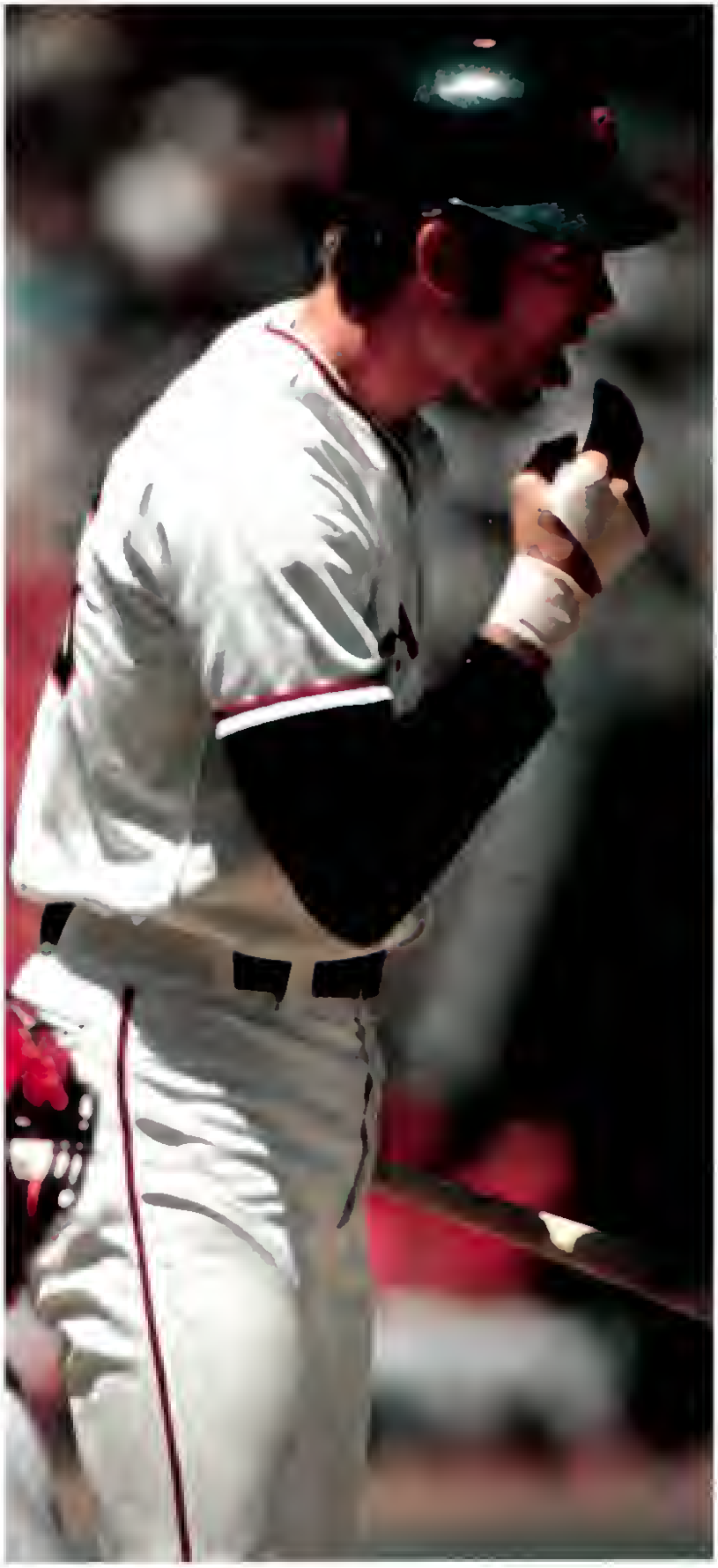
It is hard enough just finding people, harder still to recognize them after they are tracked down. Winners and losers seem to be exchanging identities at a bewildering clip. Baltimore's four 20-game winners have been floundering around like 20-game losers. And that surely can't be Bob Gibson over there. Or Juan Marichal. They both look a little like the new Denny McLain, wherever he may be. And who are all these new people? What, for example, is a LaRoche? Or a Kingman? Where is Maury Wills? And whatever happened to Frank Howard? Tony Oliva? Boog? Yaz? Maz? Why does the Dodger infield look like a junior high school playground at recess? Who let Bobby Tolan out of the intensive-care unit?

The season is yet young, order may soon be restored and, as La Rochefoucauld has advised, "The only thing that ought to occasion us surprise is that we still retain our power of being surprised."

Everything changes, nothing changes. Still, at this odd point in time, it may be well to look thoughtfully on the extraordinary. On these pages are some of the performers who, by fair ball or foul, have indeed occasioned surprise.

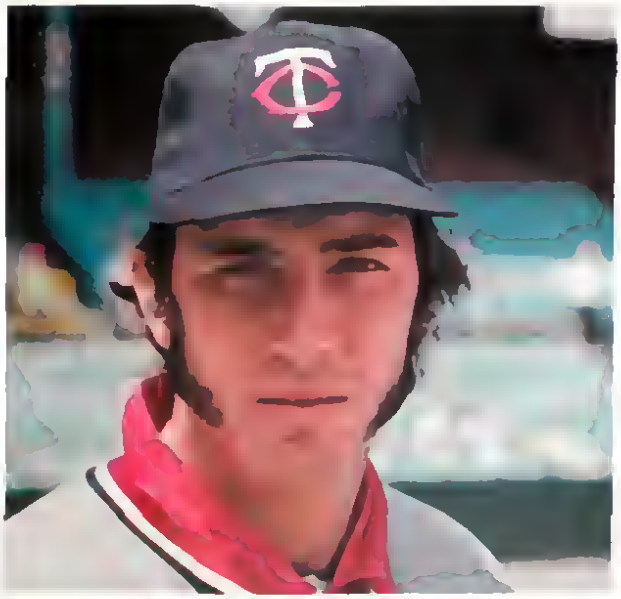
—Ron Fimrite

Dave Kingman, who leads the majors in homers and RBIs, is one Giant who has been getting in his licks. But teammate Juan Marichal, usually a big winner, has been pleading a losing cause. After an opening day shutout, he lost eight straight before winning again. Similarly, the Cardinals once-awesome superstar, Bob Gibson, lost his first five starts before discovering the victory smile again.









Minnesota's Dave LaRoche has had some troubles lately, but he pitched 16 beautiful innings in relief before allowing an earned run. He and righthander Wayne Granger are the Twins' top bullpen workhorses.



Bobby Murcer, the star centerfielder of a year ago, was a damned Yankee this season until a recent outburst restored his average to the near-respectability of the middle .200s. The Yankees sure needed something.



Bobby Tolan, who missed last season because of a torn Achilles' tendon, was supposed to be only a shadow of his old self. Instead, his hitting, base stealing and fielding have revitalized the onrushing Reds.



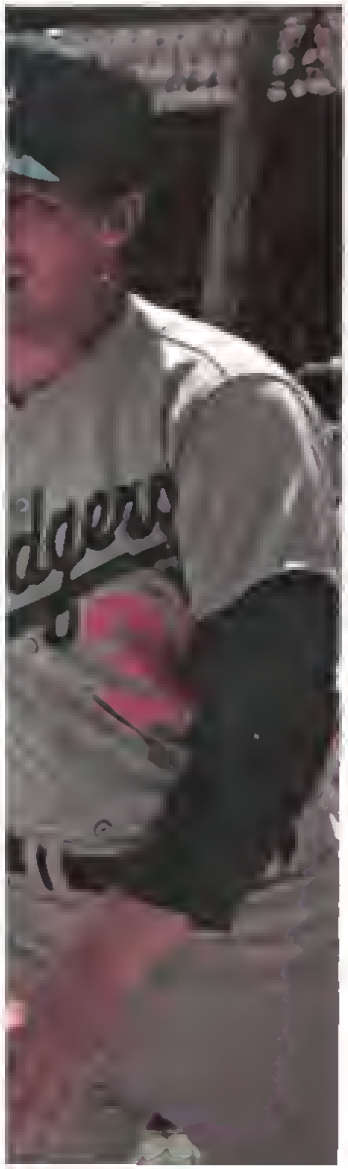


Maury Wills, the Dodgers' unquestioned team leader for so many years, is a forlorn figure in the batting cage these days. Wills has lost his job to Bill Russell, 16 years his junior—and the team is flying

The cries of "Boooog" this man is accustomed to hearing when he steps up to bat in Baltimore are sounding more like just plain "Boo" this year as Powell's batting average, never high in the spring, hovers near .180.



Is that just another home run soaring overhead or is Denny McLain really watching his career passing by? The onetime 31-game winner is now in Birmingham, where the Oakland A's sent him after repeated shellings.





THE DAY RIGGER MORTIS SET OUT

Pennsylvania killed an oarlock, but only the opposition paid the penalty. The hyped-up crew went off fast and was never headed as it ignored adversity and an Olympian snub to win the IRA

by HUGH D. WHALL

The night before collegiate rowing's IRA championship race last Saturday in Syracuse, the University of Pennsylvania's varsity heavyweights ran into what they like to think was just another bit of bad luck: they broke a rigger. A rigger looks like a metal wishbone, acts like an oarlock and, when maimed, is about as useful as a rimless tire. When it goes, the oarsman relying on it immediately becomes a piece of supercargo, his sweep an anchor.

What, Penn worry? Hardly. This was the crew that earlier this spring foundered in the Adams Cup when its experimental Pocock shell, the *Joseph W. Burk*, came apart at the seams, the same gang that had broken four other riggers before important regattas this year and the day before the Eastern Sprints had found itself forced to take final exams. By contrast the IRA was a ho-hummer, said the Quakers, who had just heard their coach, Ted Nash, announce that, "In all my years of rowing I've never seen a more evenly matched field of crews." Nash also said that this was the best crew he had ever boated.

The Quakers did have a lot going for them—including more adversity. For one thing, this would be the last IRA for six of the eight oarsmen in the boat. Only 20-year-old sophomores Walter Updegrave and Gunter Quast will return next fall. For another, of the 50 oarsmen selected to compete for Olympic berths at the Dartmouth training camp beginning this week, just one is from Penn. The Pennsylvanians were hot to prove how unjust the selectors had been, particularly since one of the crews they would face, Washington, had an entire boatload of oarsmen going to Hanover.

If the other five crews in the finals had less bad news to chew on, they were just as keen about winning. Washington, for instance, was the only major racing school still undefeated (although the Huskies lost in their trial heat on Thursday and had to win their way to the final in a repechage), and the Westerners were



not about to lose to a bunch of effete Easterners. Indeed, they were smarting at the adjective "huge" that was slapped on them wherever they went, as if their size—they averaged well over 6′ and 200 pounds—could explain away their lovely style, that long, low swing into each catch that was so much nicer to watch than the choppier Eastern stroke.

Cornell had its own terrible itch to win, with a promised trip to Brazil dangling like a sugarplum over the bow of the Big Red. They'd only won the Carnegie Cup all year to merit the tour, and that victory had been almost meaningless since it was at the expense of Princeton and Yale, who have known better times. Last year Cornell became the first crew ever to emerge from the repechages and win the IRA.

Coach Vic Michalson's men from Brown felt their time finally had come.

The spray flies and so does the big Penn crew high-stroking its way to victory at Syracuse.



Improving all season, Brown's oarsmen locked into a grueling match race with Northeastern in the Eastern Sprints and, while everybody else was glued to a similar match race between Penn and Harvard, stole second place. They wanted to become Brown's first IRA winner ever.

A sentimental favorite in the finals was Wisconsin. Forced to compete in a league that can hardly be called testing, Randy Jablonic's crews ship east each year where, unfortunately, their lack of competition generally shows. Maybe this would be the year it didn't.

Finally, there was Northeastern, which, said its English Coach Ernie Arlett, "on form should be favored with Penn and Cornell." Arlett was feeling good. His boys had passed into the finals on the first day of trials with the best time and under wet and rough conditions that were supposed to daunt them. Northeastern, too, had yet to win an IRA, and it was trying to live down the whispers that its victories in this highly successful season had been fluky, the Eastern Sprints victory the flukiest of all. Northeastern had been all but promised that regardless of the outcome, it was going to England for the Henley Regatta. It would admire to go there as IRA champion.

The morning of the finals, Penn's Nash was walking around on the balls of his feet, and with his dark-blue cap raked forward on his head just a touch farther than usual, sure signs of optimism. When things aren't going so well, Nash walks flat-footed. The coaches had predicted in a poll that Penn would come first, and that broken rigger in practice the evening before, rather than frightening him, showed Nash how strongly his hungry team paddled. Tinkering with his shell, he acted like a headsman testing the ax with his thumb.

A little after 5 p.m. all the hopes and speculations of the previous two days suddenly evaporated. At the command, "Ready all. Row," student oarsmen found the animal in themselves. Curtis Kaufmann, 200 pounds and 6′ 3½″, leaned into his oar and the rigger Penn had borrowed from Cornell to replace the one Kaufmann had destroyed the day before held solidly. Was the crew nervous about the remaining riggers? "No way," said Coxswain Louis DeLosso later. "We used to get nervous about them but this one we joked about. It didn't phase us at all."

DeLosso was nervous about the race itself, however, though he did not let on to his crew. "We had a light paddle to warm up this morning and I began to feel very edgy," he said afterward, with the shirts of five other defeated schools draped over his arm, "but I wasn't telling anyone." He was telling his rowers to get the boat off fast, and they did, at 46 strokes per minute. It was as pretty a start as anyone could remember.

Moving in lane two, Penn rowed with Washington to starboard in the first lane, the one closest to 11,000 screaming, beer-guzzling, girl-nuzzling rowing fans. Brown lay close at hand to port. The plan called for Penn to watch the field to about the 1,500-meter mark, then to match-race the strongest boat for the remaining 500 meters. So much for that plan.

The crew was so hyped up that DeLosso found shifting down to a slower, safer rate difficult. With the possible exception of Brown, which came on to take second place in a surge of smooth, eye-pleasing power, there was no boat to match-race with. Washington labored with Penn for a few meters at the beginning, and Wisconsin showed signs of making a run at the Quakers, but no one was going to catch them. Stroke Updegrave never doubted that. Later he said he knew that the crew would survive the high rate he was stroking. "The adrenalin was really flowing," he said, "and when that happens you begin doing weird things, like the strokes go up when you don't expect them to."

Broken riggers, vengeance, rivalry, a controversial boat, they were all forgotten. Penn, which was champion again for the seventh time since 1898—its last previous win was 1969—could have rowed with lifeboat oars and spotted the field, as fine as it was, a length or two and still won.

Said a jubilant Nash, "I think we've proved we've got a good crew. I would hope the Olympic committee will reconsider and my boat will be invited to go to the Olympic camp."

One more item remained. There's a new complete set of riggers on its way from Pocock's shop on the West Coast to replace the experimental ones the Penn crew demolished. And Nash has plans for the faulty ones. "I am presenting one to each of my oarsmen as a trophy," he said. "They have instructions to turn them into hat racks." **END**

BUBBLE BATH FOR THE BLUE BLUE JAYS

Clean-cut Johns Hopkins got the champagne, but it was the older and hipper boys from Virginia who had the last sip after taking the NCAA title on a late score

by PETER CARRY





Just as expected, they drank champagne in the Johns Hopkins locker room after the final game of the NCAA lacrosse championship last weekend, but not in celebration. They were trying to drown their sorrows. For earlier, while the champagne chilled indoors, the Blue Jays had been iced outdoors. They lost 13–12—which was bad enough—but worse, they lost to a University of Virginia team that many Marylanders felt should not have been selected for the tournament in the first place.

In the adjacent dressing room the Virginia players, who had not anticipated the necessity of stocking up on champagne, cooled off with Coke, Gatorade and Nutrament, saving their big thirst for the beer party 27-year-old Coach Glenn Thiel was hastily organizing back at their motel a mile or so from the University of Maryland's Byrd Stadium.

The game was a contest between Hop-

Virginia's Pete Eldredge (scoring above) led the Cavalier offense while Boo Smith held a tight rein on All-America Jack Thomas (30).

kins' earnest young men, led by the over-40 Bob Scott, whose rawboned face, clipped hair and lean, sinewy physique suggest all the frivolity of the Army Ranger he once was, and Virginia's older, looser and somewhat jaded gentlemen under the young Thiel. Hopkins has won or shared six national championships since Scott took over as a 24-year-old head coach in 1955, but the 1971 season had hardly been a vintage year—the Blue Jays lost seven of 10 games—and 1972, it was thought, would be only a bit headier since Scott was fielding a team comprised largely of sophomores, albeit very good sophomores who were 16-0 as freshmen. The outlook was so bleak that Scott could fearlessly pledge at the start of the season to grow a Fu Manchu mustache down to his knees if his team won the NCAA title.

Perhaps because many of his players were so young, Scott let a few of them get ahead of him in the mustache department. Hair, too. For the first time some Blue Jays wore their locks over their ears. However, the cool, balanced style of the fast-developing Hopkins team was typified by the appearance of high-scoring sophomore Attackman Jack Thomas, whose haircut would be considered short in today's modern Army and whose face is clean-shaven, possibly never-shaven. With Thomas and classmate Bill Nolan leading the offense, Hopkins grew to unexpected, instant maturity. The team won 11 games and avenged its only loss of the year by defeating Maryland 9-6 in the national semifinals. The tournament finale promised to be little more than a necessary annoyance. After all, Hopkins had defeated the Cavaliers 13-8 during the regular season.

That loss was the first of three to collegiate opponents suffered by Virginia, which was the team some initially felt would be the national titleholder. The Cavaliers entered last year's tournament undefeated but inexplicably lost to Navy in the first round. They were back in 1972 almost intact, gunning for what seemed rightfully theirs.

The reason given most often for Virginia's spotty record was its inexperienced defense, but Midfielder Pete Eldredge, who set a school record with 36 goals, thought there was a deeper one. "I think we were all just plain getting tired of practicing hard all the time," he said. "Most of the guys on this team are juniors and seniors and we've been doing the same old stuff for three or four years. I don't think we felt a challenge anymore. But the NCAAs are different."

"We're the first team to really understand about the NCAA tournament," added Attackman Jay Connor. "People have got to realize it's just like basketball now. All anyone will remember is how you do in the tournament and that's what the people in Baltimore don't understand yet. They're still living in the old days when some newspaper picked the champion."

The wised-up Cavaliers went to work quickly in the NCAAs, clobbering Army and Cortland (N.Y.) State, while managing to cling to their life-style. As Thiel said, "I want the kids to look and be the way they want. I want a bunch of real college kids, not a team of crewcuts."

Thiel had what he wanted. His team drove into town in all manner of dinged-up Pintos, aging Chevy IIs, faded Falcons and a 10-year-old Dart with a bad list to the right and more rust than paint. One group rolled up in a boss white Buick convertible, class of the mid-'60s, with no hubcaps. The boys were all sprucced up in their worst patched jeans and with them were well-shaped passengers who introduced themselves simply as The Groupies.

Although Thiel denies it, his players say their midseason losses brought some alumni pressure on the young coach. Undoubtedly the grads did not understand how Thiel expected to win with guys who looked like Abbie Hoffman. Their suspicions seemed confirmed in the opening 1:19 of the championship game when Hopkins took two face-offs, fired two shots and scored two goals. Virginia, however, stirred ebbing hopes when it countered with three quick goals on its first three shots—two of them unassisted efforts by Eldredge—and the game settled into a tightly played but relatively penalty-free battle. Twice Hopkins led by two goals and on two other occasions the Cavaliers opened three-point margins. With the score tied 12-12, Eldredge popped in another unassisted goal—his fourth of the day—with 4:11 left to play. Running to his left, he edged a half step ahead of Hopkins' Harry Stringer as they passed eight yards from the goal mouth. Eldredge used the daylight to flip a hard, precise shot into the upper right corner of the net.

Virginia won largely because it produced the type of effort it showed little enthusiasm for at midseason. Hopkins realized going into the game that it could not allow a shootout between the teams to develop because of Virginia's greater firepower. That meant controlling face-offs and ground balls to limit Cavalier shooting opportunities. The Blue Jays did win one more face-off than Virginia, but the Cavaliers picked up 10 more ground balls. Like blocking in football and rebounding in basketball, clearing grounders in lacrosse is more a matter of tenacity than skill. Virginia was a bulldog, particularly when Attackman Tom Duquette, using a Hopkins tactic the Cavaliers had criticized earlier, stalled with the ball for a minute or more. Three times when the Blue Jay defense came out to challenge him, Duquette passed the ball into newly opened gaps around the crease and his teammates shot for easy scores.

Meanwhile, Hopkins' best shooter, Thomas, who finished the year with 34 goals, was having to work for his scores. Three weeks ago Thomas suffered a partially collapsed lung, but before the championship game he diplomatically claimed his health was back to normal. By the time Boo Smith, a member of Virginia's maligned defense, was finished with him, he was gasping all over again. Thomas scored two goals, one by tipping in a loose ground ball in front of the Virginia net and another on a cramped, difficult shot fired from ear level with Smith covering him closely. On only one occasion did Thomas break free of Smith and launch one of his favorite hard underhand shots. It was smothered neatly by freshman Goalie Rodney Rullman, another member of the Cavalier defense who has been criticized for his play on occasion.

"We made a deal before the game," Smith said. "I told Rodney that if he'd give me one good save on Thomas, then I'd promise to stay on him tight the rest of the time. I knew he had to get away from me sometime and I'm glad Rullman lived up to his side of the bargain."

It turned out that Johns Hopkins this day would not get the good end of any bargain. After many of the Blue Jays had left the stadium, there were Virginia's uninhibited Cavaliers clustered outside the locker room, swigging down leftover champagne. The losers had not found it all that bubbly. **END**



Neither rain nor slop could stay them from their appointed rounds as doughnut-wheeled ATVs and tough little trikes rolled to victory





SPLASHING DOWN THE STRETCH

What has six tires and swims? The ubiquitous little All-Terrain Vehicle, which showed its special stuff in the national championship contest that mixed man and machine and a whole lot of Michigan mud **by RON REID**

Among those struggling, unpretentious little towns that fate and history have conspired to treat shabbily or ignore entirely, Monroe, Mich. stands as a classic example, a hardworking place that really deserves better. An industrial community fighting off the ravages of a humid Midwest summer with cold beer and insect repellent (in that order), Monroe is a paper-mill town halfway between Detroit and Toledo, with a blue collar for each of its shady old elms and saloons sufficient to match the well-kept homes.

Almost from its start, Monroe has gotten short shrift from a lot of folks. The French and British fought some messy battles around this scenic area, and the local historic hero, General George Armstrong Custer, spent his boyhood in Monroe before heading off to West Point, Appomattox and, in due time, that regrettable session of acupuncture at Little Big Horn.

Long before pollution became a household word, Monroe's residents knew that nearby Lake Erie qualified as the dirtiest body of water this side of a sump. Thus it has remained, a sort of liquid fire hazard suitable only for the bravest kid swimmers and the legion of mosquitoes that begin their furious breeding there sometime after the ice thaws.

Then came last weekend, and, sure enough, someone socked it to Monroe again.

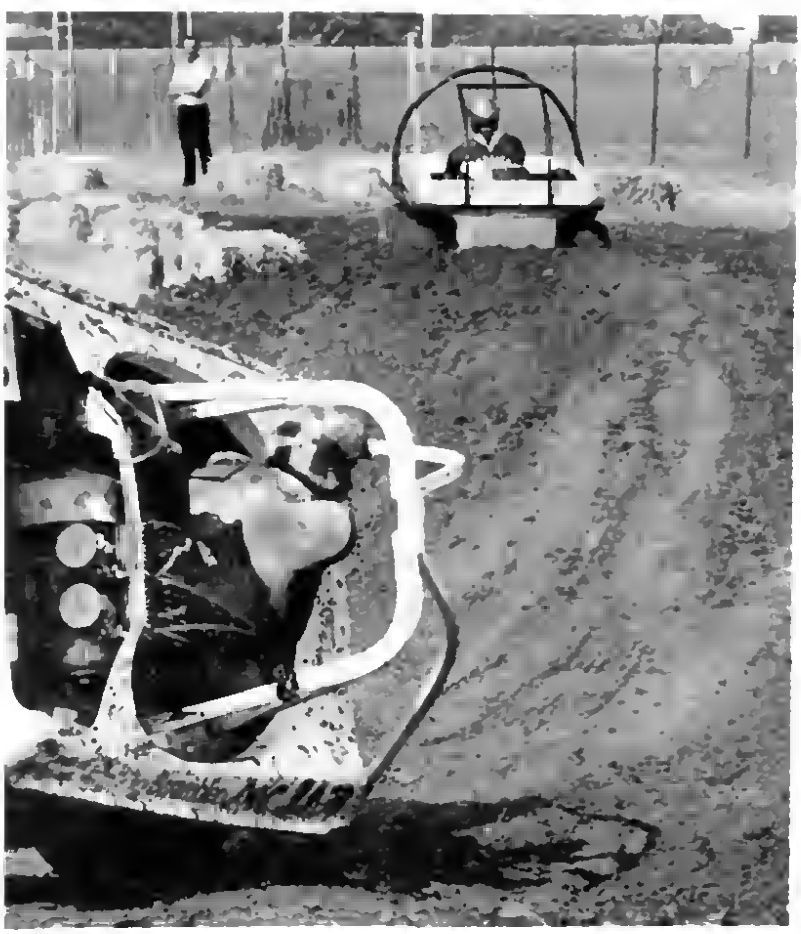
The occasion was a national racing championship that was difficult to recognize as anything involving wheels. This one was called, somewhat redundantly, the National All-Terrain Vehicle Association Grand National Championships, and it played its third annual competition in the mud, slime and greasy clay gumbo of the Monroe County Fairgrounds. It is doubtful that any recent sporting event has so belied its purpose which was to demonstrate the speed and mobile tenacity of the little six-wheeled craft that can travel over any surface short of an erupting lava flow.

Unfortunately, the course laid out for the scuttling, marshmallow-tired vehicles wouldn't have taxed the go-power of an airport limo. Any car, for that matter, could have negotiated the gentle slopes fashioned by a bulldozer, and there were those who were willing to bet the same on a Greyhound bus, except for the tight turns and incredibly slippery mud generated by sporadic and torrential cloudbursts.

The whole soggy scene might have been an unqualified disaster but for the friendliness and good spirit that prevails between members of the ATV set, who bring to their frolic none of the viciousness common to motorcycle racing, snowmobiling or, say, lawn tennis.

The ATV drivers and their following, which at Monroe included a toothless driver, a dentist, a Vietnam tank corps veteran and a lady bartender from Minnesota, are much like the craft they pilot, which one housewife described as "cutesy buggies." Nearly everyone is involved solely for the fun of it and with nothing to shoot for in the way of prize money

continued



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRIOLO





The national champ turned out to be Scott Sloneker (above). Anybody who challenged him found (below) that his name was mud.

save for a trivial chunk of entry fee. The bloodlust is tempered to a few curses and a lot of chuckling. Moreover, the ATV zealots have a care for the environmental movement and seem to realize that while their recreational vehicles are becoming an increasingly popular item, they also have been caught in the backlash created by snowmobiles so that acceptance by governmental agencies must be achieved slowly, with such improvements as better mufflers.

The friendly brotherhood act even prevailed between two of the youngest and best drivers in the field, 17-year-old Scott Slonaker, the defending national champion, and 18-year-old Danny Stevens, who stood a chance of taking the title away in Sunday's finals.

Slonaker, of York Haven, Pa., was piloting an All-Terrain Vehicle about the same time that his peers were testing out Schwinns and long before he was old enough to qualify for a regular driver's license. Scott now pilots seven different class Attex brand ATVs, which he leaps in and out of, at the assigned moment, like a parking-lot attendant. He also is a thoughtful lad who realizes that his success has come in an offbeat sport, ill-designed for swelling the ego.

"I'm no good in sports and not much of an athlete," Scott said during Saturday's qualifying trials, in which he won four races. "That's why I got into this kind of racing. That and because it's different."

He held little brief for the championship layout: "The course is too short, narrow and confined," Scott said. "I'd rather see us stage a cross-country type race, but then the fans couldn't see it. There were one or two of those in 1968 but they built up the competitive racing, and the cross-country thing, with the families and all, died out. It's too bad. They should have kept both of them going."

While Slonaker is a stripling built like a pipe cleaner, Stevens stands 6' 1" and weighs 160 pounds. He also has earned a bundle of money racing snowmobiles out of his native Pontiac, Mich., where he will finish next week at Waterford Mott High School.

Like Slonaker, Stevens said that his burgeoning success as an ATV driver had produced little in the way of enraptured awe from any of his schoolmates. The thought, in fact, amused him greatly. "No," he chuckled, "I try to keep it a secret. I don't say that much about it and it's nothing to put over the P.A. anyway. You just do it because you enjoy it. Snowmobiles are cleaner and easier to work with. I like speed, so I've done better with them, but these people are more fun to be with. In snowmobiles, they'd just as soon kill you as look at you. I fall down in front of a guy and he'll run right over you."

Thus on Sunday, Slonaker met Stevens in bouncy battle, a seven-race showdown under a sweat-inducing sun and through voluminous dust clouds to replace the mud hogs of the day before. Snaking and sliding deftly around the three-eighths-mile course—and often up-toeing past upside-down competitors—Scott won five times and finished second once. Rival Stevens was no pushover. He finished second in his first race despite a wild rollover flip that detained him for a bit, but managed only third place for the rest of the day's activities. Slonaker seemed to grow stronger and luckier as the day wore on and the competition moved up into the higher-horsepower machines. Shooting down the straights at 45 to 50 mph, the youthful champion beat his rivals almost from the start.

With the Chamber of Commerce as sponsor, Monroe was picked as site for the ATV Grand National because the market for the buggies is centralized in the Great Lakes states. A local dealer named Terry Lake, who may be the most honest vehicle salesman in history, helped to bring the event to his hometown and he also was partly to blame for the tepid course. In Monroe, that's how it goes.

Lake was most astonishing for the fact that he admitted that All-Terrain Vehicles were not yet ready to replace motherhood, apple pie and the coming of spring as the most cherished facets of American life.

"There is a negative side," he said, "and that is: Where do you run one of these things after you've bought one? We're not allowed to run around in any state parks in Michigan, which are open only to road-licensable vehicles. But that's not all wrong either, because you have to protect the guy who just wants to sit quietly and enjoy the park. Right now there are only four areas in Michigan for off-road vehicles."

One suspects that the six-wheeler ve-

continued

GRAND PRIZE

WIN A VOLKSWAGEN CAMPMOBILE IN THE TIMBERLINE® SPORTSTAKES

A 72 VW Campmobile includes just about avarything but tha scenary There's a kitchen sink, an icebox A dining tabla A saat that becomas a comfortable bed Compartments and shelves you can adjust for living or storage And, of coursa, you'll get all tha regular Volkswagen faatures (like the air-cooled raar engina which this year gives 32% more power) that will maka your Campmobila a graat family car It'a almost lika winning two cars



2nd Prizaa

2-SEA DEVIL SAIL BOATS

a 12 ft sloop rig completely portable mfd by Locklay Mfg Co , New Castla Pa



4th Prizaa



50-THERMOS 2 Burner Camping Stoves

3rd Prizaa

25-RCA CAMPER RADIOS

Unique 3 in 1 featuring flashlight compass and AM radio



5th Prizes

500-ZEBCO ROD & REEL FISHING OUTFITS





TIMBERLINE SPORTSTAKES Official Rules

1. On an official entry blank or a plain 3" by 5" piece of paper print your name, address and zip code
2. Each entry must be accompanied by proof of purchase or the words ENGLISH LEATHER TIMBERLINE hand-printed in block letters on a 3" by 5" piece of paper
3. Entries must be postmarked by Aug 17, 1972 and received no later than Aug 28, 1972 Enter as often as you wish but mail each entry separately to TIMBERLINE SPORTSTAKES P O Box 773 Rosemount Minn 55068
4. Winners will be determined in random drawings conducted by Marden-Kane, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final No substitutes for prizes offered Only one prizewinner per family Liability for federal, state or other taxes is winners' sole responsibility All prizes will be awarded Winners will be notified by mail
5. English Leather Timberline Sportstakes open to residents of the United States except employees and their families of MEM Company its advertising agencies, and Marden Kane, Inc Offer void in Washington, Idaho and Missouri and where prohibited, taxed or restricted by law All federal, state and local laws apply NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Please enter me in the MEM Timberline Sportstakes I m enclosing proof of purchase or the name English Leather Timberline printed in plain block letters on a 3" by 5" plain piece of paper

Mail entry to Timberline Sportstakes, P O Box 773 Rosemount Minn 55068

Name _____ (Please print plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Monte Carlo. Luxury and

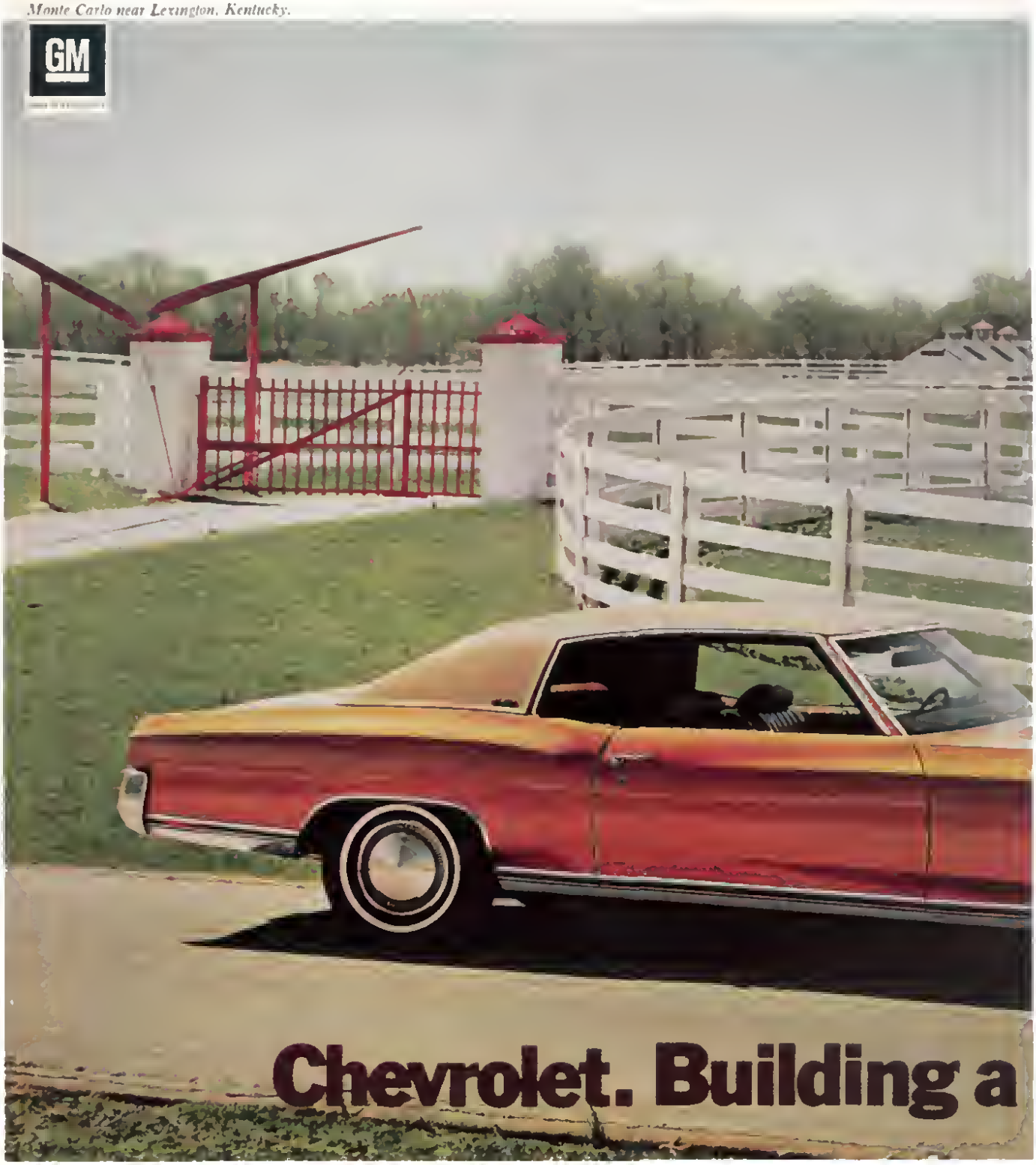
In the bluegrass country around Lexington, Kentucky, some of America's finest thoroughbreds are raised. The horse people will tell you that if you match the speed and endurance of one great horse with the strength and spirit of another, you'll have a good chance of breeding a champion.

The best of two breeds.

The Chevrolet Monte Carlo is designed with the same idea in mind. It matches the spirit of a sports car with the comfort of a luxury car. And judging by Monte Carlo's popularity, the combination is proving to be just right.

To give it the feel of a sports car, Monte Carlo is mounted on a maneuverable 116-inch wheelbase and stable 5-foot track. There's a responsive 350-cubic-inch V8 engine, along with the convenience of power front disc brakes and variable-ratio power steering . . . all standard. Put all this with Full Coil suspension and

Monte Carlo near Lexington, Kentucky.



spirit bred into a single car.

you have spirit and smooth, quiet, agile handling.

And to give it the feel of a luxury car, there are thick foam-cushioned seats covered in rich upholstery. A ventilation system that lets you change interior air without opening the windows. Even thoughtful touches like assist grips and carpeting on the door panels.

No luxury price here.

Other cars have tried to combine luxury and spirit.

But they've ended up being priced many hundreds of dollars higher than Monte Carlo. That's why you might call it America's most attainable luxury car.

For your best way ever to get out and see the U.S.A., see your Chevrolet dealer soon. He can show you all the reasons why Monte Carlo is a breed of its own.

Chevrolet

Highway safety begins at home. Buckle up before you leave.



better way to see the U.S.A.



"You're my kind of intellectual, Harry. You don't have to curl up with a good book in order to relax."

PASSPORT

Mature Scotch Whisky.

hicles piloted by Stevens, Slonaker, *et al.* would be okayed by various departments of conservation if rules were laid down to match the specifications of the machines. The tires on the ATVs are spongy and soft, since they carry but two pounds pressure, and nearly everyone involved in the sport claims that a horse can do more damage to the terrain, or an outboard motor to a school of fish.

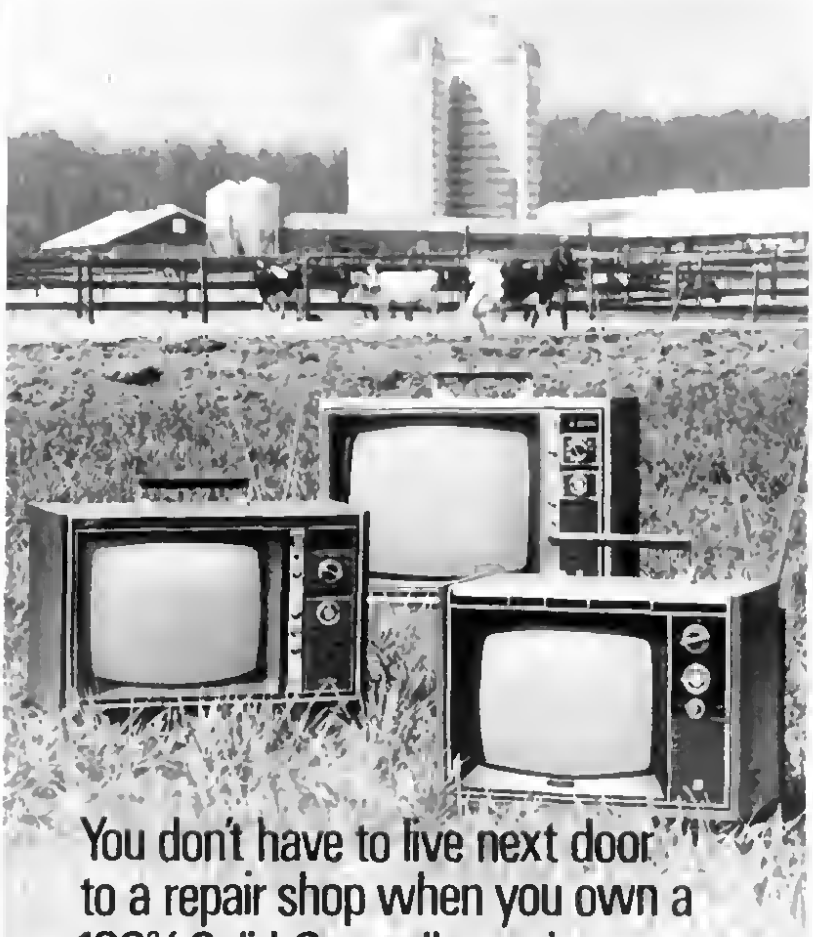
Unlike the three-wheeled, madcap trikes that also entered the Monroe competition (obviously to woo any parent hoping to rid himself of a wretched child), the six-wheeled ATVs will float. In fact, the more sedate, noncompetition model can be wheeled right into lake or river and used as a fishing boat. "The other night," said Bob Socoloskie of Pittsburgh, "I was two miles out into Lake Ontario when the Coast Guard made me turn around. There's no way you can get that entire wheel under water. It's like trying to sink a bubble. We see a great future for these things. They're not like snowmobiles, which you can use only 7% of the year. My wife and I load a beer cooler on one of these things and go off on top of a mountain sometimes and later we don't even know how we got there."

Another booster is Tom Shiflet, the unpaid test pilot for the entire recreational vehicle industry, who plans to make an expedition to the South Pole in November, thus adding another chapter to an impressive personal saga. Shiflet, a truck driver in Norwalk, Ohio, holds the endurance record for both snowmobiles and ATVs—the latter at 31 hours, 15 minutes—and he thinks America has much to gain from something that can go anywhere but the open road.

"I get tired of all this nonsense in our country over Vietnam and welfare and things like that," he said. "If more people would get out in a recreational machine and see our own country, they'd have a ball."

Indeed, more people are, or will. More manufacturers are now entering the commercial competition and the racing still draws a few hardy souls who pilot homemade craft.

General George Armstrong Custer could have used an ATV or two against Sitting Bull, but the vehicle reached Monroe a little late. Oh, well, tough luck with that town is the rule. **END**



You don't have to live next door to a repair shop when you own a 100% Solid-State all-transistor Hitachi TV.

A busted TV can be a big headache . . . particularly when the nearest repair shop is miles away. That's why you'll probably find a lot of Hitachi's down on the farm.

Hitachi's are made to last. We're the first with a full line of COLOR and BLACK/WHITE 100% Solid-State TV's. This means there's no tubes except the picture tube. No little tubes to break . . . to burn out . . . or to cause heat wear. That's why every Hitachi TV has a "strong" werranty.

Hitachi saves you trouble in other ways, too. Just one press of our Automatic Picture Setting button gives perfect color, tint, brightness and contrast as pre-set at the factory. There's also an Automatic Frequency control with "locked in" tuning. It compensates for fine tuning errors . . . whether you're on the farm or in the city.

For more on the "tough" TV's, write, **Dept. SI-2, Hitachi Sales Corp. of America, 48-50 34th Street, Long Island City, N. Y. 11101**

TV WARRANTY

- **5** years on transistors
- **2** years on the picture tube and other parts (accessories not included).
- **1** year free carry-in labor at more than 500 Hitachi authorized service centers.

Quality always comes first at

HITACHI

Part II: The Wreck of Veeck

A STAKES I HADN'T SCHEDULED

I grew up on Chicago's West Side in the Big Bill Thompson-Al Capone era, and I always had a lively interest—precocious, my daddy thought, not proudly—in chicanery, the uses and abuses of power, the flashing arc of the knife into the underbelly and the dull thump of a body in the alley. As Leo Durocher says (the baseball background does stick doesn't it?), the Boston pols weren't getting a maiden when they got me. That's what I thought! My education was just about to begin, courtesy of—but by no means tuition-free—the Great Commonwealth.

When I came aboard and began to rock the boat the Massachusetts attorney general took such a lively interest in Suffolk Downs' affairs, great and small, that *I was never out of court. I beat him* every time and I have come out of this with great faith in the judicial system. If virtue and a bright young lawyer are on your side, you will always win.

Virtue is optional.

It wasn't the politicians who did me in finally. The second part of my education took the form of a two-year seminar in big business, conglomerate-style. Everything didn't suddenly turn black, Judge, it slowly turned to ashes. The money poured in like a great green sea and poured right out again. It was like trying to operate a powerful motorboat with a hole ripped in the bottom. Down I went, with the motor roaring and the bow still straining forward.

The first question I was always asked was how horse racing compared to baseball. My answer was that by and large you met a nicer brand of human being in racing. That gave me a chance to do a fast 10 minutes on the fools, scoundrels and mountebanks who operate the Grand Old Game, tip my skimmer, show some teeth and, eyes agleam, dance off. The truth, however, was that the politicians of Massachusetts had become in my middle years what the baseball owners had been in my youth.

The second question was usually about Eddie Gaedel. I carry a midget on my back, you know.

Baseball is regarded as a civic enterprise, racing is a barely tolerated activity. When you're operating a baseball club you find politicians coming around, tails wagging, to get their pictures taken with a ball in one of their hands and



From the start of his days at Suffolk, a pack of pols was off and running in pursuit, eager for a piece of the racetrack purse. And they were not the only rascals around

by BILL VEECK and ED LINN

a cap on top of one of their heads. (One of my more depressing memories is of Adlai Stevenson in a baseball cap, smiling stoutly.) When you're operating a racetrack you find the politicians still come around but don't want their pictures taken. And they expect you to sign every tab. It's a whole different ball game. You're looked upon as a little bank to shake something out of.

It is impossible to become involved in anything as closely tied to politics as horse racing without getting the distinct impression that politics is the principal industry of Boston. The pols come at you like an infestation of locusts. I wonder if Bostonians are not secretly proud of the system in the perverse way that people are so frequently more proud of their vices than their virtues. It's like hearing on the nightly news that today has been the hottest June 8 ever. It makes it seem that you haven't been sweltering all day to no purpose. As long as you're going to have a corrupt political system, you might as well swelter under the most corrupt.

When a man makes that categorical a statement about such a highly competitive area of human endeavor I suppose he is obligated to put up or shut up. O.K., take tax abatements. The way it works is: 1) you open your mail one morning and find that the City of Boston, through its duly appointed agency, has increased the assessment on your property by some ungodly sum, say half a million dollars, thereby bringing on a corresponding ungodly leap in your tax bill, 2) you file for an abatement based on the old evaluation and 3) they say, "Yeah, you're right, we're wrong," and reduce your taxes back to where they were supposed to be in the first place.

Question: Now why do big boys play games like that?

Answer: To make big money.

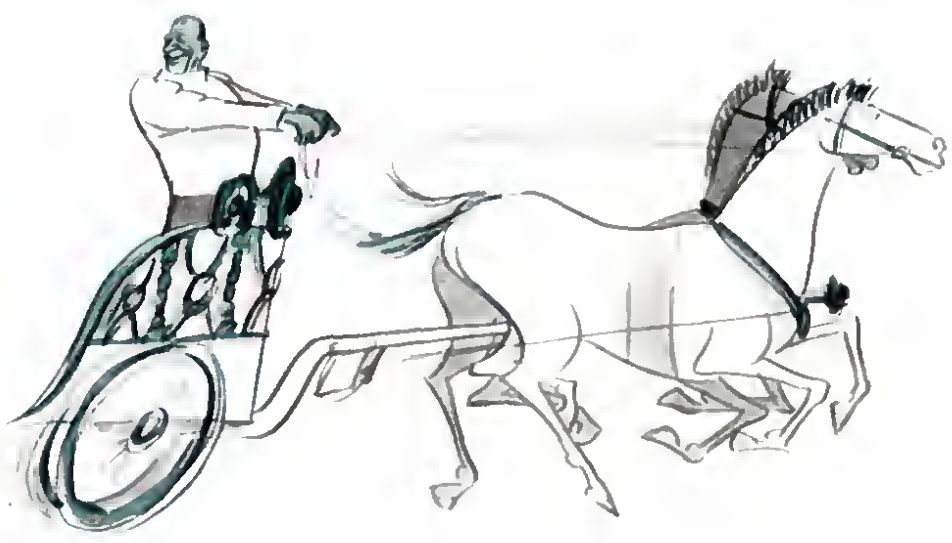
I should confess that I skipped a step between 1 and 2. You don't have the highly skilled attorneys to handle this highly specialized chore. Your own lawyers don't quite have the expertise. There is a very exclusive group of lawyers that specializes in this line of work, and as proof of their professional competence they never, but never, fail. Everybody knows who these lawyers are, and everybody knows the standard fee, 20% of the amount they save you in the form of abatement.

In my first year at Suffolk Downs our tax bill from the city was roughly $613,000, which all in all seemed reasonable. The next year, with the tax rate rising and perhaps a general distemper setting in, we were sent a bill for around $780,000. No, the tax rate hadn't gone through the roof. Only our assessment. Do not despair. I summoned our highly trained legal expert. He appeared on the scene in a flash, whirred off some lightning calculations and advised me that $615,000 or so should take care of it. He submitted a request for an abatement for the remaining $165,000. When the abatement was finally approved, it turned out that our whiz was $15,000 off, a sum not worth quibbling about. After all, he had saved us tens of thousands. The legal fee for his mental exertions was $33,000, which I could only consider a steal. A year earlier, his bill had been a giveaway $12,000.

Which shows, kids, why it is better to go to law school than to become a dropout and maybe fall into a life of crime.

A week or so after I had taken over Suffolk Downs I paid a call on Governor Francis Sargent, partly as a courtesy and partly out of curiosity. The governor wasn't unfriendly, yet there was something hanging in the air. I was suspect. All through our rather inconsequential conversation I had the distinct impression he was measuring me. I could never quite shake the feeling that it wasn't just one man who was looking me over so carefully, it was the whole corporate body he represented. "They" thought anyone who wandered around making speeches for free (as I was doing to publicize the track) had to have something more nefarious in mind than drumming up customers. Given the political atmosphere that blankets Boston, everything I subsequently did confirmed their worst suspicions. I had my own TV show, I continued to pop up all over the radio dial, I joined any civic committees and charity drives that would have me. All that activity, all that public exposure, could

continued



add up to only one thing. I was out to make a political career for myself. In Boston, where *everybody* is running for mayor, in and out of season, I actually had people worrying.

It was going to be impossible to ignore the political realities. One of the first things I discovered was that it was politics that had put me, and the track, in a straitjacket. Thoroughbred racing was limited to 90 days a year. Suffolk had just 66 of those days. (Berkshire Downs, a ramshackle track in the western part of the state, had the rest.) Even those 66 days were not ours to do with as we wished. There were further regulations. For openers we had to apply for our dates by Jan. 5, an arrangement that allowed the Rhode Island and New Hampshire tracks, which operated with 70% Massachusetts clientele, to decide where and when they would run against us. For reasons I couldn't possibly imagine, the out-of-state tracks had more muscle with the Massachusetts legislators than Suffolk Downs did.

The dogs were king in Boston. They had been first on the scene. The owners of Wonderland Dog Park had written the racing legislation, and not surprisingly, they wrote it in favor of themselves. Three decades later their astute and canny lobbyist, Clarence King, was still by far the most influential lobbyist in the state legislature. Since 1935 pari-mutuel racing had been restricted to 200 days for the dogs, 90 days for flat racing. (Later, 90 days were granted the harness sport.) These figures had not changed.

When I appeared before the legislature's ways and means committee with a bill that would have revised the racing statute to allow for more flat racing dates, lobbyist King, as expected, spoke out in opposition and the bill never got out of committee. I should have known mine was a foolhardy scheme. When my predecessor, Dave Haber, talked of instituting a few changes during his first season at Suffolk, a Wonderland official collared a Suffolk representative at a meeting and barked, "Tell Haber not to get any funny ideas because we control the legislature and we control the sportswriters."

But I am getting ahead of myself. Thirteen days after our race meeting opened I sued the racing commission. That was the first battle.

There were signs all over Suffolk Downs saying: NO MINORS PERMITTED. As the week of our opening approached, those signs began to vex me. Where did it say in the rules and regulations of racing that minors were barred from the grounds? The only relevant clause forbid minors to bet. I wanted to have my own kids visit the track and not feel their old man was involved in an evil business. But that was not the whole reason I was pressing the issue. Long-range economic prospects were involved.

For years I had been known among my more classical-minded admirers as baseball's Cassandra, forever leaning against a Doric column and warning that doom was close at hand unless we lifted the game out of the horse-and-buggy age and brought it into line with the quickening rhythm of American life. The horse itself is an anachronism. There is no other way to put it. If the horse is an anachronism, what does that make horse racing, except an exercise in ancestor worship, an outdoor museum with betting windows?

This is an excerpt from "Thirty Tons a Day," to be published shortly by Viking Press.

Almost from the beginning of recorded history the horse was the center of the economic, social and military might of every powerful nation. In our own country the horse was a partner to the winning of the West. The wagon train, the stagecoach, the pony express. To the cowboy the horse was so vital to survival that horse stealing was a hanging offense, with or without judicial sanction. To the settler the horse was the power that pulled the plow. To the military the cavalry was the elite striking force. If you're not very much under 50, you can still remember, however dimly, the horse-drawn ice and milk and junk wagons as a routine part of daily life.

If you're under 40, you don't know what an ice wagon is and you never saw a milk truck that didn't come equipped with an internal combustion engine. The last faint signature of that longtime partner to man's destiny is in the word "horsepower." A kid growing up in the city today could spend his whole life without seeing a real live horse except for a trip to the racetrack. So, for that matter, could a kid growing up on a farm.

An anachronism. An old champion hanging on. The mystique that once surrounded horse racing has passed on to automobile racing and turned it into one of the fastest-growing sports in the U.S., especially among young people. And while it is true the stock cars that appear on the big-time circuit have been "modified" out of all relationship to anything you see on the road, it is also true that events are being conducted on fairgrounds around the country for models right off the highways. The guys who race against each other on Sunday morning will be driving those same cars to work on Monday. I have absolutely no doubt that we will have pari-mutuel betting on automobile racing one of these days—and sooner than you think. If it weren't for the historical accident that set the hotbed of auto racing in the Bible Belt, we would have had it already.

I don't know for sure the average age of the spectators at stock-car events, but I feel pretty safe in placing it at no more than 25. I do know what the average age at the racetrack is. Over 30? Yup. Over 40? Yup. Over 50? Yup. It's 50 years, six months. Nationally.

When you think a little about it, this is not as surprising as it may have seemed at first glance. The average man gets married at 22. Before he knows it, he has a mortgage and a couple of kids. He is not only immersed in family life but he has the feeling—which isn't really true—he can't afford to go to the track because it is a place where you lose money. For the most part, then, racing does not draw men like these until they are in their mid-30s. With the vast and varied opportunities that are available these days to develop an interest in other forms of recreation, the sport may very well have lost them forever.

No matter how one viewed it, our clientele was aging fast and we weren't doing a thing to attract anybody to replace them. I could see nothing wrong and a great deal right with permitting minors on the premises.

Four days before our opening we sent out a press release to announce that minors "accompanied by their parents or guardians, and under their direct control at all times, will be admitted to view the horse races" at Suffolk Downs. Children under 12 were to be admitted at half price. The wording was very carefully couched to defuse any possible objections. "The state racing commission rule prohibiting minors from betting is an excellent one, obviously, and will be

continued

Copyright © 1972 by Bill Veeck and Ed Linn. All rights reserved



If you've got the guts, we've got the watch.

This Bulova Oceanographer was designed for the man who is very brave. Or slightly crazy. Or terribly accident-prone. It was *also* designed for the man who absentmindedly dunks his watch in his soup.

If you *really* find yourself in the soup (like our friend in the photograph), you may decide you're in over your depth. But, as long as the depth is less than 666 feet, you can depend on your automatic Oceanographer, with its elapsed time indicator, to tell you when it's time to get yourself out of there.

Bulova Oceanographer



The Bulova Oceanographer "V". Water resistant to 666 feet. Shock resistant. Self-winding. Elapsed time indicator. Date and Day indicator. Luminous dial. Safety latch expansion buckle. $100. In other colors and styles from $55 at fine jewelry and department stores.

With the special edition of Chrysler's low-priced Royal, you get more for your money than ever.

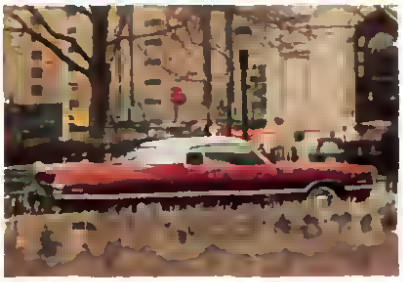


—ARTHUR GODFREY

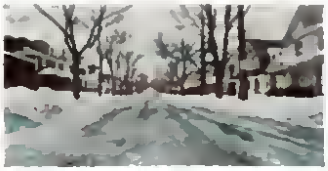
What makes the special edition so special? First of all, it's one of the lowest-priced Chryslers you can buy. Nevertheless, it has a plush interior that you couldn't get before. It also has a special color and a special parchment vinyl roof. And, of course, there's a lot more to this car than just looks. I've told you about how they build these cars. How these Chrysler people are out to build a car that works better and lasts longer than any car they've ever built before. You get a lot more for your money that way, too.



This is what the inside of the new special edition looks like. There's more to this interior than Ceylon cloth seats and a special Jaquard weave. I'll bet you've never heard about the Bouncing Betty. The engineers dreamed it up. It's a 168 pound weight they bounce up and down on the seat cushions 100,000 times in tests to make sure the seats are built to take more than the normal wear and tear. See what I mean? They're as concerned about this sort of thing as much as they're concerned about the good looks.



How do you like the color of this car? Isn't it attractive? Keeping it attractive is something else. Do they use salt on the streets to melt snow where you live? You know what it can do to a car. The little pinpoints of rust that keep getting bigger. Chrysler is doing something about that, too. Every Chrysler body is dipped into special solutions to help prevent corrosion. It's just another little thing they do to make sure you get your money's worth when you buy a Chrysler.



Coming through with the kind of car America wants.

CHRYSLER



strictly adhered to," I said. "In fact, we're going to make sure the rule is enforced.

"At the same time," I added, getting in a blow for my own side, "we feel children are tremendously interested in horses. I think it's wrong to deprive them of the chance to view the colorful pageantry that surrounds the sport."

From his unofficial headquarters in New Bedford, the head of the state racing commission, Dr. Paul F. Walsh, issued a bristling manifesto of his determination to fight our wicked design. The statement was most disheartening. And most revealing. We had a chairman who believed in his bones that betting was evil. So evil he took it as his duty to protect the innocent children of the commonwealth from the indifference and neglect of their parents.

Sure enough, Dr. Walsh opened the commission meeting the next day by introducing a motion to bar anybody under 21. The motion died when neither of his fellow commissioners would second it. It didn't stay dead for long. After the business of the meeting had been completed, Dr. Walsh did further evangelizing among his colleagues. They released a statement that Suffolk could admit minors, but only on a probationary basis. If the commission wasn't satisfied with our policing the kids, we were warned, it would put an end to the admissions forthwith. It was immediately apparent that the state police were being extremely vigilant in their surveillance of the betting lines. There was an implicit warning that if they turned up any kids there the commission would go after our license.

On April 29, 10 days after the race meeting opened, Dr. Walsh called the commission into emergency session and threw the kids out. The vote was 2-0. The absent commissioner, Mike Holovak, was in San Francisco signing on as a backfield coach with the 49ers, and it was such an emergency that Walsh could not wait for him to get back. In order to pass its emergency rule the racing commission had to be convinced that: 1) immediate adoption or amendment of a regulation is necessary for the preservation of the public health, safety or general welfare, and 2) observance of the requirements of notice and public hearing would be contrary to the public interest.

By admitting kids to the track, we were—by a 2-0 vote—attacking everything near and dear to the decent people of the community and placing the commonwealth in such imminent peril that a delay for trial and discussion would have proved fatal.

We had to decide whether we wanted to take the commission on. What we were thinking about was my future relationship with the entire political structure. In my four months in town, I had already upset a few of the established patterns. The elimination of the politicians' passes had not been looked upon as a winning bid for friendship. There had also been the matter of placing our insurance, which is a generally accepted and legal way in the upper echelons of playing the political game. For an insurance broker an account like Suffolk Downs is a nice way to start the day. The premiums run to at least $250,000 annually. The man who had been waking up to it was Sonny McDonough, a longtime member of the governor's council. Considering the symbiotic relationship between insurance and politics, I had to figure that my predecessors hadn't been giving it to him for the love of the game. What happened was that Realty Equities, the conglomerate that owned Suffolk Downs and hired me as president, came up with its own guy in New York. Realty was playing its own games. I made it very, very clear to the home office that taking the insurance away from a man with a seat on the governor's council was a hurtful thing to do to us. I did manage to salvage some of the account for McDonough by insisting that, at the very minimum, Realty's man lay off part of the insurance with him. It couldn't have been very much. I know it wasn't enough to make McDonough happy.

To sue over an issue as insignificant as a few kids coming to the track would be taken as the final proof that I had come to town so eager for battle I wasn't going to play along in even the most minor things. There probably were only two people in the entire state to whom the issue of admitting kids to a racetrack was significant. One was Dr. Walsh. The other was me. Greed vs. greed makes for the kind of lawsuits that are settled between lawyers as soon as both sides decide to take what they can get. Principle vs. principle is a holy war, and no holy war has ever been settled out of court.

I was incensed that the commission had rammed through its ruling without giving me so much as a hearing. I was furious at the implication that the chairman of any regulatory board was a better keeper of my children's morals than I was. The first question I asked my lawyer was, "What about the judges in this state?" He assured me that one thing Massachusetts did have was a strong and independent bench. From that moment on I knew what my decision was going to be. Sue them.

We drew Judge James C. Roy, a very fastidious old-Yankee type who dressed in the Victorian manner, morning suit and all. But he turned out to be very human, with a minimum of pomp and an occasional twinkle in his eye. The trial did not take one full day. We won, and the kids came back to the track.

Any association with Harvard must, I suppose, be educational, and it was through my selfless efforts to bring some civic responsibility and possibly even humanity to the halls of Nathan Pusey that I won myself a political education I could not have bought for a million dollars. I am talking, brethren, of the Great Stadium Caper, a feat of derring-do in which I set out to be a public benefactor and got no more than I deserved.

Put simply, the city was about to lose its professional football team, the Boston Patriots, not so much because of an unbroken history of nonsupport but because the club did not have a home to call its own. Through most of their 10-year history the Patriots had used Fenway Park (football seating capacity: 39,350) but were required to play their early-season games on the road. In 1969 the Patriots moved to Boston College's Alumni Field, which was hardly the answer since its seating capacity was only 26,000. Obviously what was needed was a municipal stadium. It was so clearly the solution that it had achieved the status of a political football—no joke intended, particularly to the Patriots. Through the years something like 30 proposals for stadium sites had been put into the legislature hopper. Dozens more had been debated in the press. Every one of the plans had failed. The stumbling block seemed to be the taxpayers' reluctance to build a stadium for private interests.

In order to have any chance of breaking even, a municipal stadium has to

continued

have a major league baseball team to pick up the hulk of the day-to-day expenses. In Boston Tom Yawkey owned Fenway Park free and clear, and he saw no great reason to move into somebody else's ball park. What was involved primarily was the special flavor of Fenway Park. Municipal stadiums are cookie-jar ball parks. They all look as if they had been built from the same blueprint. Fenway is unique. It is small and compact. The spectators are close enough to the field to turn the game into a cozy gathering. The hulking left-field wall looms over the playing field like sudden doom and turns a four-run lead in the ninth inning into a real nail-nibbler. Under the right circumstances—which is exactly what Yawkey had—a limited seating capacity can make your tickets more valuable. With 30,000 people in the stands you have a full house instead of a half-filled stadium. Full houses breed excitement. Excitement breeds happy memories. Happy memories breed return visits. Fenway has the smallest seating capacity in the American League, but on occasion the Red Sox have led the league in season attendance.

Fenway had never wanted pro football, and the Patriots didn't want Fenway. Alumni Field was just a stopgap site. In any case, two years earlier the National Football League had passed a rule requiring all of its teams—meaning that team in Boston—to produce a stadium or a reasonable blueprint thereof with a minimum seating capacity of 50,000. By 1970 the year of reckoning had arrived. Come March the owners were holding their annual meeting and Billy Sullivan, the Patriots' president, was under instructions to arrive prepared to tell the group all about his plan. Since a pro football franchise was not a thing to be scorned in any civilized city in the world except Boston, offers to buy the team or build it a stadium had come from Tampa, Memphis, Birmingham, Seattle, Toronto, Montreal and, by combining their total resources, three little towns in North Carolina. The Boston city council met under the gun to decide whether to build the stadium. And once again the stadium proposal was defeated. There was, however, still one site within the city environs that did meet NFL requirements, Harvard Stadium. The only trouble was that Harvard was conspicuously unwilling to house the Patriots.

The Harvard-Veeck rivalry, which was not hallowed by tradition or sung about around the tables of whatever corresponds to Mory's, was by then a good six weeks old. It began innocently enough—as these momentous affairs usually do—when I hired John Yovicsin, the Harvard football coach, as a promotion man for Suffolk. He had received permission from his two immediate superiors at the university, but when the story broke, several old crocks gasped in horror. The upshot was that Yovicsin never came to work at Suffolk.

But in the meantime I had been having a little fun with Harvard. "John will give our operation that indefinable something called cla-a-a-ass," I said, giving it the Harvard Square pronunciation and intimating that if Aqueduct could call itself the Big A, we were now qualified to call ourselves the Broad A.

As soon as the first reporters expressed surprise that anybody connected with Harvard would work for a racetrack, I had gone into my commercial about how much we returned to the state in taxes as compared to Harvard, which had not paid a shilling in 330 years. All good clean fun. As an educational institution the school wasn't required to pay taxes. If Harvard is sensitive about that, the remedy is in its hands.

The fracas warmed up. One Harvard official was willing, under the cloak of anonymity, to let the snob in him hang out. "It obviously is not the proper area for a Harvard coach to be in," he sniffed. You have to give those Harvard officials all the credit in the world. Under the cloak of anonymity, they are sometimes willing to tell the truth.

The Harvards had become fair game, and I went after them. I wanted the world to know that personal freedom stopped at the turnstiles as far as Harvard was concerned. I was out to demonstrate to the skeptics that liberalism and snobbery sleep together quite comfortably in Harvard Square. I had myself a field day. On my television show. During guest appearances on TV and radio. In my speaking engagements. If I was sorry for John's sake I was delighted for my own. "In all fairness," I would say, "I think I should have polled our alumni to see whether they approved of Harvard.

"Listen," I'd say. "Nothing is a total loss if you look at it right. We finally have been able to show the country that there is one thing, at least, which the president of Harvard University won't tolerate."

The more I needled Harvard, the more my audiences enjoyed it and promotionally it gave me what I had been searching so hard for, audience identification. A common purpose. Harvard isn't very well liked in the streets of Boston. All their lives my kind of people had wanted to take a whack at Harvard. When I whacked, we were whacking the university together.

I sent a plane over Harvard Stadium during the opening game of the football season. Our harness meet was on at the time, and I was able to greet John and shill their crowd at the same time by having the plane trail a huge streamer that read, HI, JOHN. IT'S EVEN BETTER AT SUFFOLK DOWNS. And back again with, YOUR STUBS WILL ENTITLE YOU TO ADMISSION AT SUFFOLK DOWNS ANY TIME.

The city council vote rejecting the stadium had taken place while I was still getting all the mileage I could out of the Yovicsin Affair. With that vote, all eyes had turned to Harvard Stadium, first Billy Sullivan's and then everybody else's who wanted to keep the Patriots in town. With the agitation about colleges assuming a role of responsibility in their own communities, I didn't think Dr. Pusey would dare to turn the Patriots away. But he did.

"I don't know what to do now," Sullivan told a hastily assembled press conference. "I want to stay in Boston, but I'm barren of ideas." For days the front pages were filled with the problems of the Patriots. I got to thinking, "Gee, all this publicity. How do I get in on it?" It wasn't but a few minutes till I was suggesting that Suffolk build a stadium for the Patriots. All that was needed was for the legislature to give us 12 extra racing dates. With the proceeds, we could retire a bond issue.

"What bond issue?" one of my staff asked, appalled. "The bond issue that could be floated to build the stadium." In a 12-day period we normally would be turning over about $1 million to the state. To that we could add whatever remained of the track's percentage above the actual out-of-pocket expenses (purses and salaries). We would throw in the profit from admissions, parking and programs. That would make the sum $1½ million easy.

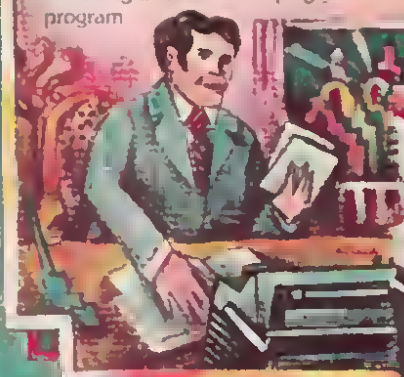
continued

SONY SUPERSTAR

Top-billed in Sony/Superscope's cassette-radio series is the new Sony CF-550, a portable stereo Cassette-Corder* AM/FM radio combination. It's the perfect performer that fills a number of different roles.

STEREO CASSETTE-CORDER

With two built in condenser mikes! You'll find positive and pleasurable uses at the office and in your home recording in stereo or taping your favorite FM stereo program



STEREO AM/FM RADIO

Gives you fantastic stereo sound wherever you go. Operates on either AC, batteries or rechargeable battery pack. It's the first truly portable stereo in one handsome, easy to handle compact unit.





STEREO CASSETTE DECK

Plus AM/FM stereo tuner that plugs right into your home stereo music system! It even has its own headphone monitor jack. The Sony CF-550 will upstage everything you've ever heard



BEST SUPPORTING PLAYERS in a Monophonic Role.

Stop by your nearest Sony/Superscope dealer and catch the other great sounding members of the Sony CF series. Priced from $84.95



SONY SUPERSCOPE.

You never heard it so good.

© 1972 Superscope Inc. 8229 Vineland Ave. Sun Valley, Calif. 91352

Don't think of it as just a can of oil. Think of it as a $4,000 car.



Too many people think one oil is as good as another. And so each year, too many people are left wondering why their cars have grown old before their time.

The answer is, not all oils are alike. Not every motor oil is refined like Quaker State, from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, the world's choicest. Then Quaker State is fortified to protect your engine against rust, corrosion and high engine temperatures caused by today's tough driving conditions.



So don't risk the money you put in your car by putting anything less than Quaker State in your engine. And be sure you ask for it by name.

Quaker State your car to keep it running young.

I knew enough about stadium construction to realize that building a complex for several sports can cost from $50 million to the limits of imagination. A stadium built exclusively for football, though—just open stands without any frills—could still be had for about $10 million. After that you were dealing with the cost of the land.

A simple, selfless plan. So selfless that the benedictions were already flashing through my brain. Suffolk Downs, the Raeetrack with a Heart. I saw myself being patted on the head by all right-thinking people. "I had been told that Boston was a cold city," I would say when the city fathers awarded me a plaque But kidding aside, the proposal was a good one and a serious one.

When broached with the plan the governor and mayor were for it. The sportswriters, when the politicians leaked it, were enthusiastic. I was being looked upon as a public benefactor, my fondest dream come true. I was "Beautiful Bill." The AP even called me "a battle-scarred Marine veteran," and I only get that in the early-morning hours when the dew is on the grass. The honeymoon lasted two full days. Friday's front pages had been filled with the news of how the Patriots were going to be saved. On Sunday the headlines read, OPPOSITION BUILDS TO STADIUM PLAN.

Questions and objections jumped up from everywhere. What about public transportation? What if the receipts from the 12 extra days weren't enough to meet the bond payments? What if the bonds couldn't be sold? The governor, along with other politicians, began to worry about the expense of building the ramps and access roads. Word came that Wonderland was throwing its influence against us. The dog track owners had been saying for so long that more racing would be harmful they had apparently come to believe it. The president of Lincoln Downs, B. A. Dario, offered to build the Patriots a stadium in Rhode Island by—guess what—running extra days at his raeetrack. E. M. Loew offered to donate the land for a privately financed stadium near his harness track in Foxboro. Meanwhile, in editorials the Worcester *Telegram* began admonishing caution and careful study of any offer. Anything coming out of Suffolk Downs was a gift horse that definitely needed examining. As the paper put it, "Bill Veeck isn't giving anything away." How did they know me so well in Worcester? "Veeck has cast himself as the injured innocent, done in by wily, evil politicians," the *Telegram* noted as the stadium debate wore on. "What nonsense! He is a smart, engaging, aggressive individual—a match for any politician who ever lived."

The Boston city council has nine members, only eight of whom saw themselves as the next mayor. Fifteen days remained before the NFL meeting was to open in Hawaii. That didn't panic the council. Nine days slipped by before the hearings on the Suffolk proposal began. The council didn't get around to voting until the NFL meeting was over.

To save what was left of my good name I found myself propagandizing more and more openly for the passage of the bill, even while I was insisting I would have no part of anything that smacked of politics. I found myself not only wining and dining politicians at the racetrack but—heaven help me—I was seeking them out.

All the while the politicians played their complex games the NFL was watching. Calls were going back and forth between Billy Sullivan and his lawyer every night and the NFL was pushing back its own action, day by day. In the end the football people threw up their hands and appointed a three-man committee to study the situation. No thanks to the pols, Boston still retained its football team. Once it became clear that the NFL wasn't going to rescue them by making its own decision, the members of the city council finally got around to voting. They killed the project.

I should have taken E. M. Loew's offer more seriously. Sullivan had been back from the league meetings only a day when the city council took its vote, and yet the word was already trickling out, and with a tone and persistence that had to be given credence, that the Patriots would be going to suburban Foxboro.

To give myself credit where credit is due me, Billy Sullivan told me, personally and in a couple of letters, that he wanted to thank me for coming up with the proposal when I did because otherwise he would have gone to the league meetings empty-handed and the franchise undoubtedly would have been moved. I can also state without fear of contradiction—and if I am contradicted, I'm going to state it anyway—that I gave E. M. Loew the idea of attaching the stadium to a racing operation. With no cost for the land,

continued





Joe Patuga got a new Bag Boy and took 10 strokes off his game.

Was it the Bag Boy following almost effortlessly behind with its wide truck stance, live rubber tires and spring steel suspension? Or was it the series of 5 lessons from the club professional Try a Bag Boy and the lessons. Then see for yourself



Bag Boy® GOLF CARTS
From $22.95

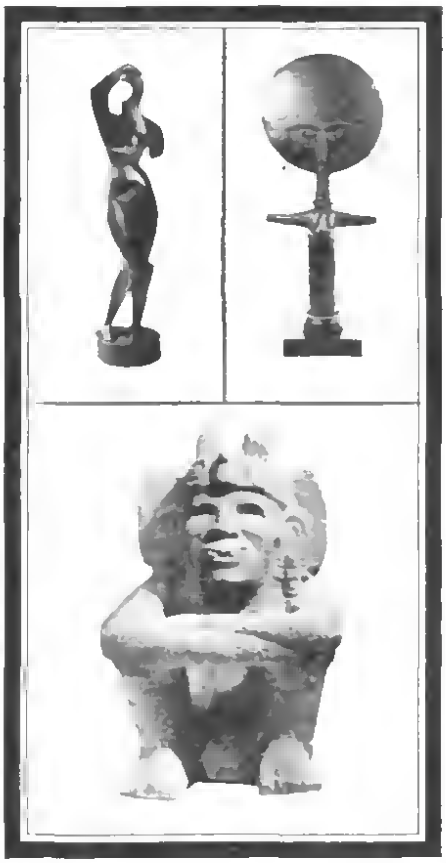
FREE CATALOG with details on all Bag Boy Golf Carts including the popular priced PLAYDAY Golf Cart and the CLUBSTER Club Carrier Cart, the cart that almost hands you your next club. Distributed by Browning, Dept. G52, Route 1, Morgan, Utah 84050.

A NEW DIMENSION FOR TEACHERS

With museum authorized Alvacasts® your students can reach out and touch the arts and artifacts of every period and civilization. These meticulously made and highly durable replicas are superb teaching tools for art education, social studies, world history and the human...

Several teaching kits and reference collections are available at liberal school discounts. For literature, please write on your school letterhead.

ALVA MUSEUM REPLICAS, INC.
30-30 Northern Boulevard
Long Island City, N.Y. 11101
(212) 392-6262
A subsidiary of Time Inc.



Loew was able to build his stadium—one similar to the layout we had on the boards—for just about the amount I had projected.

Now let me tell you the last of my increasingly sad story. I had taken the job as president of Suffolk Downs at a salary of $50,000 a year. Nate Dolin, an old friend from Cleveland days, and I would each get 10% of any profits over a million dollars and—here comes the really attractive part of the proposition—we would each be given a five-year option to buy 15% of the track. I was to have absolute control over every phase of the Suffolk Downs operation. That for me was an essential part of the deal with Realty Equities. I had never run anything for anybody else before, and I knew myself well enough to understand that I was probably constitutionally incapable of accepting suggestions, let alone direction, from some moneymen sitting in an ivory tower in New York.

It was not my lack of knowledge about racing or the management of a track that did me in. It was lack of knowledge about the more recent refinements in high conglomerate financing. I had absolute control of the operation of the track all right, but what I hadn't been smart enough to do was to define the financial relationship between Suffolk and Realty Equities. As the parent company, once the hard times came, Realty had the power to drain us dry. When you don't have any money, face it, finances become the controlling factor in the operation. And that is what happened.

By its very nature a conglomerate is an animal on the prowl; it is always hungry. As it swallows new companies, it is in continuous need of money. Morris Karp, the genius of Realty, had been diversifying at a rapid rate—too rapid—and as money tightened in the early days of the Nixon Administration and the economy weakened, some of his subsidiary companies ran into trouble. Soon the weakness could no longer be hidden from public view. Banks began calling for more solid collateral.

The Realty stock went down, down, down. In 1969 it had traded at $35. When auditors refused to certify the company's balance sheet and the American Exchange suspended trading on Aug. 3, 1970 the stock stood at $6.

Before that I had begun to have suspicions about the credibility of Realty. I

continued

7cars for 7 brothers.

Wyatt paints Mother Nature. To carry his paints and canvases around with him, he needed a car with a large trunk. The Audi has the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV. This amazed Wyatt since the Audi is much shorter than the Lincoln.

Bernard has a problem. Not only doesn't he take care of himself (a button missing here, a cuff link lost there), he doesn't take care of his car either. No wonder he wanted a car that gets the expert service of a Volkswagen. The Audi does because it's part of the VW organization. (Now if we could only get Bernard to take care of himself.)

Since Edgar has a big family (a boy, a girl, a wife, and a mother-in-law who likes to go for rides), he needed a car with lots of room. The Audi has just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow. (Edgar sees a lot more of his mother-in-law now.)

Rolf is a first-class skier. He gets to where he's going because the Audi, like the Cadillac Eldorado, has front-wheel drive to give him the traction he needs to get through the snow to the snow.

Fishing, camping and taming the rapids are Duke's way of life. He wanted a car that could handle mountain roads and get him up to his cabin comfortably. Because the Audi has independent front suspension like the Aston Martin, Duke gets peace of mind as well as peace of body.

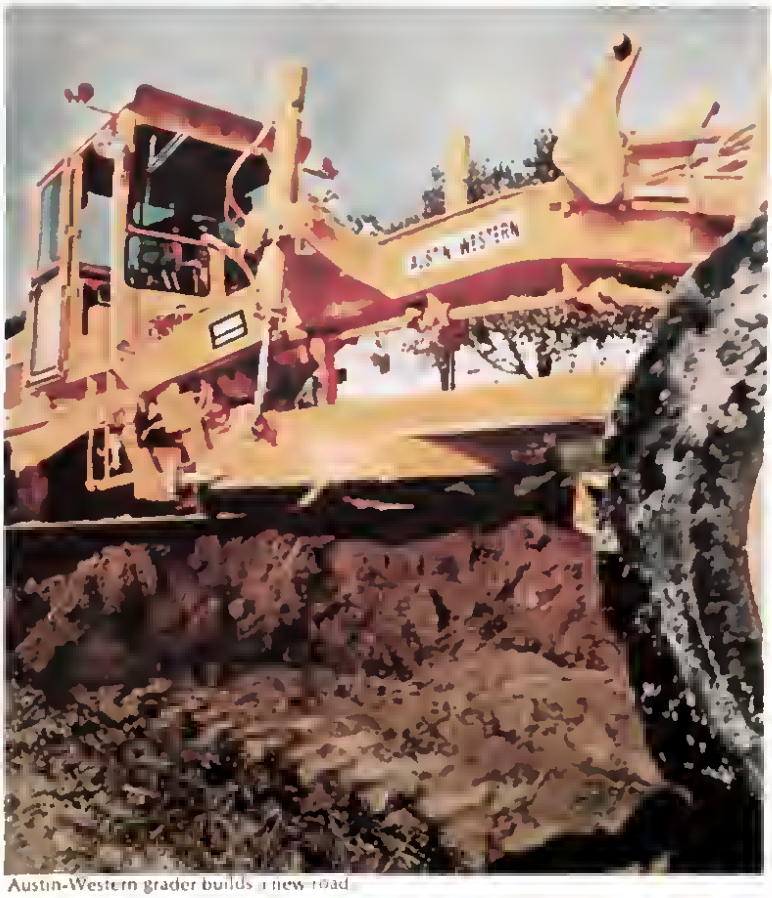
Meet Geoffrey the banker. To impress his associates, he wanted a car with a plush interior. Since the Audi's interior bears such an uncanny resemblance to that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE, Geoffrey is now a Senior Vice-President.

Nothing pleases Lance more than pleasing women. He knows the fuss they make over racing car drivers. He also knows the Audi has the same type of steering system as the racing Ferrari. (Ursula is now in seventh heaven.)



The $3,900 Audi
It's a lot of cars for the money.

*Suggested price, East Coast P.O.E. for 100l S $3,855. Other Audi models start at $3,085 (West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher.) Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. Porsche Audi a division of Volkswagen.



Austin-Western grader builds a new road



Clark axles provide traction underground

Pears leave the orchard on a Clark lift truck



Melroe Bobcat Loader helps dig new pipeline

Clark replacement parts get rush order handling







Michigan tractor shovel helps rebuild a Netherlands village square



Lima log loader grabs, lifts, loads



Groceries go to market in a Brown trailer

In 156 countries, Clark Equipment gets things moving.

And Clark know-how keeps things moving. With fast service on replacement parts. Flexible financing plans. Rental and leasing programs that match the equipment to the job. That's Clark at work—all over the world.

CLARK EQUIPMENT

Buchanan, Michigan 49107

German paper plant leaves heavy work to a Clarklift



Tyler refrigerated cases help sell frozen foods





18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 71

decided it would be an excellent idea to send to New York for the company's balance sheet. It showed a capital surplus of over $20 million. But the balance sheet was so handsomely decorated with figures on acquisitions and so tangled with footnotes as to be wholly incomprehensible. To say that the public has full disclosure because a corporation distributes that kind of gobbledygook to its shareholders is balderdash.

Even I, whose livelihood depended on Realty's healthy operation, couldn't figure out how things stood. It was not till trading in the stock was suspended on Wall Street that I fully understood my ship had been shot out from under me.

All of a sudden our checks were bouncing all over the place. Creditors were popping out of every corner. Good, solid, dearly beloved creditors who were as essential to our operation as Ma Bell and Pa Gas. To say nothing of an old Dutch uncle known around the racetrack as the Revere police department. Our arrangement with the Revere police called for them to pay the men who were assigned to patrol the track and for us to reimburse the department. There is something very funny about having a check to the police department bounce.

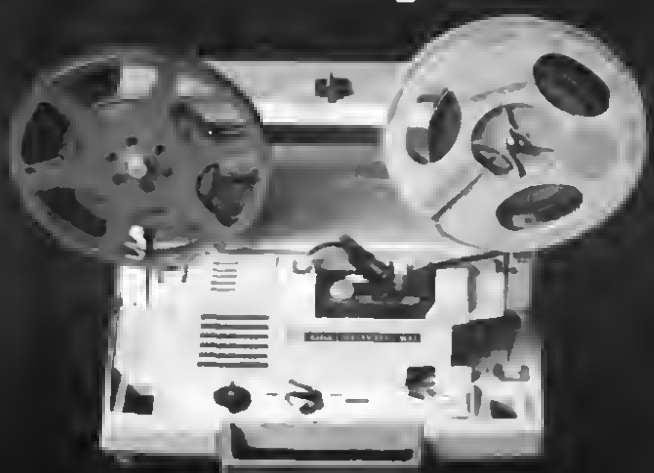
What had happened was that Realty in the preceding months had borrowed substantial amounts from us and we were having trouble getting the money back. Real trouble. The Suffolk bank account was empty. If I wrote another check and dropped it on the floor it would have bounced so high it would have set a record for the steeplechase. I pleaded desperately with the New York office to send us enough cash to pay our bills. I really needed $75,000 to satisfy our creditors, but at that point I was willing to settle for less. They sent me $45,000 and just in time. The telephone and gas companies had been threatening to cut off service.

It was then that I decided it was time to sever connections with Suffolk. To show what desperate straits we were in, I literally did not have enough money to hold a suitable press conference announcing my retirement. Fortunately the Baseball Writers Dinner was coming up that week, and the press corps would be there. I told a few jokes that evening, directed a few barbs at the more distinguished personages on the dais and then made my announcement.

That was it. **END**



The case for seven speeds.



Closed, it's as handy to tote as an attaché case. Opened, it's the most luxurious dual super 8 and 8mm movie projector Kodak makes. It's the Kodak Instamatic M95 movie projector.

At the flick of a switch, it goes from slow motion, to normal speed, to fast motion—in forward or reverse. Lets you "freeze" on a single frame, too. Seven speeds in all.

Automatic threading, built-in "houselights" control. 400-foot reel capacity, choice of three lenses including zoom, are only a few of its many fine features. See the M95 at your photo dealer's. From less than $180.

Kodak makes your pictures count.

Kodak Instamatic® M95 movie projector.

Kodak

Price subject to change without notice.



MISTS, MOUNTAINS AND MAGIC

When the fog over Monterey Bay burns off, travelers to the U.S. Open at Pebble Beach will be treated to views of a wild and wonderful country that has grandeur for everyone—even golfers ***by SARAH PILEGGI***

It's a funny thing about California: everyone who lives there sooner or later experiences the feeling of having arrived too late. The man who tired of shoveling snow in Albany and settled six months ago in Arid Acres to water his lawn and tend his barbecue looks around one day and wonders what his valley was like before that freeway ran through the middle of it. And his neighbor down the street, who moved West in the '50s, muses idly on what the air might have smelled like before the big war. And even the native son, as they used to call him, who has lived with unrelenting change for more of his life than any other kind of American, is overcome at one point or another with a fleeting sense of a time he never knew. For a moment he wonders, what was it like before the turn of the century, before gold, before the Spanish?

In a way, the tourist, unencumbered by thoughts of what might have been, has a better eye for what is—and what is is still a magnificent bounty. And nowhere in California is that truer than in Monterey County. Yet the visitor traveling the Disneyland-Golden Gate Bridge route with a stopover at the golfers' Valhalla on the Monterey Peninsula, where the U.S. Open will be played next week, is likely to miss most of it. There is wild, uninhabited coastline alongside the hypercultivated resorts of the very rich; there are two ranges of mountains, the warm, brown, comfortable inland Gabilans and the fogbound, pine-covered Santa Lucias of the coast; there are arid valleys where cattle stand during the heat of the day in the black shadows of live oaks; and there are plains



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE

where rows of spiky artichokes, thriving on damp salt air, march off to the horizon. There are exploding cities like Salinas and rehabilitated cities like Monterey and sleepy farm towns like Castroville. There are lettuce fields delineated by eucalyptus windbreaks, and at noon in the quiet courtyard of a 200-year-old Spanish mission there are poppies—*matilija* or Santa Barbara, they are called. They have floppy petals, like crumpled white silk gauze around a starched golden pompon center, and they move slightly on their long slender stems in the soft breeze while a fountain splashes nearby.

This month, though, golf is what matters, and the golf that matters is on the Monterey Peninsula, a small neck of land that juts into the Pacific at the south end of Monterey Bay. The road that approaches the peninsula from the south, along the coast, is State Highway 1 or the Big Sur highway. If you were to take France's Grande Corniche and Italy's Amalfi Drive, add another 50 miles or so and remove virtually all evidence of human habitation, you would have an approximation of the Big Sur highway. One drives it slowly, hugging the edge of the continent, stealing nervous glances, whenever the twisting road allows, at a shoreline that is over the shoulder and sometimes a thousand feet straight down. Streams cascade down abrupt canyons to the sea and eagles float over bald mountain ridges, while through mile after mile of grandeur only a hitchhiker here and there serves to remind the bedazzled eye of things measured to a human scale.

Determinedly picturesque Carmel-by-the-Sea, at the northern end of the highway, is not only built to human scale, it is even slightly miniaturized. Conceived as a Catholic vacation retreat before the turn of the century, it is now a year-round resort of the well-off and the retired. Architecturally, Carmel owes a lot to the old woman who lived in a shoe, but in temperature and temperament it resembles an English seaside resort. Taking walks, wearing tweeds and sitting by fires are a large part of what there is to do.

California is much better at displaying its natural treasures than its man-made ones. Point Lobos, a 1,250-acre state preserve of cypress and rocks, crashing surf and quiet tide pools, lies just a few artichoke fields south of Carmel on a small headland best known to scientists and photographers. An unusual convergence of cold and warmer waters makes Point

continued

Lobos hospitable to 300 plant and 250 bird and animal species; and California sea otters, once nearly extinct because of worldwide trade in their skins now dive for food in the offshore kelp beds or float on their backs, only their small, pretty faces showing above the water, sucking on crabs and doing barrel rolls to wash away the shells. The patterns of erosion in the boulders and the hundred-foot-long tendrils of kelp that snake their way in and out of tiny coves with the surge and wash of each swell have drawn the cameras of Edward Weston and Ansel Adams, yet of all California's natural attractions Point Lobos is among the least celebrated.

Across the peninsula from Carmel, or, figured another way, seven golf courses and a couple of states of mind north, is the city of Monterey. Historically, and still today, Monterey is the center of life on the coast of the county. It is a small city divided by an ancient Army installation, the Presidio. On one side is Old Monterey, where antique Spanish colonial and American territorial government buildings serenely endure the pounding of thousands of sneakered tourist feet, where the two-century-old adobe Custom House faces out to sea alongside Fisherman's Wharf with its boiled crabs and its shellacked slices of redwood burl that say things like "Kwicherbelyakin." Not long ago Alvarado Street in Old Monterey was a rowdy, neon-lighted place crowded with long narrow bars where fishermen, laborers and soldiers from Fort Ord did their drinking, where Spanish was spoken as often as English and Mexican songs wailed from the jukeboxes. Today energetic urban renewal has turned Alvarado into a rather elegant shopping area with sedate little trees in concrete tubs and off-street parking and all those things that swell the bosoms of Downtown Merchant Associations.

There is only one bar now, a tidy little place with a bowling machine, called My Attic. Buck Tomasello, the daytime bartender, says, "People from all over are always coming in here asking me, 'Where is the street with all the Mexican bars?' And I say, 'This is it. They're all gone.' See that bank down at the corner? That's where Johnny Garcia's was." Buck's shift ends at four o'clock, and he is off with his pa's for a quick eight ("Number 4 is a par-3 that slows us up, so we skip it") at the Del Monte municipal golf course. He waves as he steps out onto Alvarado and the night man ties on his apron.

The history, the hotels, the banks and J.C. Penney's are Old Monterey. New Monterey, on the other side of the Presidio, is Cannery Row.

Between 1920 and 1945 this six-block-long street at the bottom of a hill on the very edge of Monterey Bay housed about 30 prosperous fish canneries and fertilizer plants, as well as assorted saloons, flophouses and restaurants. At the height of the sardine season the morning blasts of the cannery whistles drew thousands of people from their houses on the hill down to the huge corrugated-iron warehouses, where, in the midst of groaning, screeching machinery, they cleaned, cooked and canned billions of the little silver fish. Even in those days there was more than one way to look at Cannery Row. John Steinbeck, who observed its life from the windows of Ed Ricketts' Pacific Biological Laboratories, called it "a poem, a stink, a grating noise, a quality of light, a tone, a habit, a nostalgia, a dream." On the other hand, a forward-thinking and probably downwind Montereño called it "an unsightly and ill-smelling marine abattoir."

On April 30, 1945 the sardine fleet arrived at Cannery Row with the biggest one-day catch on record—9,000 tons. After that the sardines were gone, for good. Gradually almost all the canneries closed down and the saloons and flophouses moved elsewhere. For the next few years nothing except a fire that destroyed several of the empty cannery buildings occurred to mar the quiet. In the late '50s, however, the first stirrings of a second life began. A couple of small art galleries, a coffee house or two, a Polynesian restaurant on the end of a wharf signaled the birth of Cannery Row as Tourist Mecca ("Find out what was fact, what was fiction in Steinbeck's writings . . . perhaps even go into a working cannery . . .").

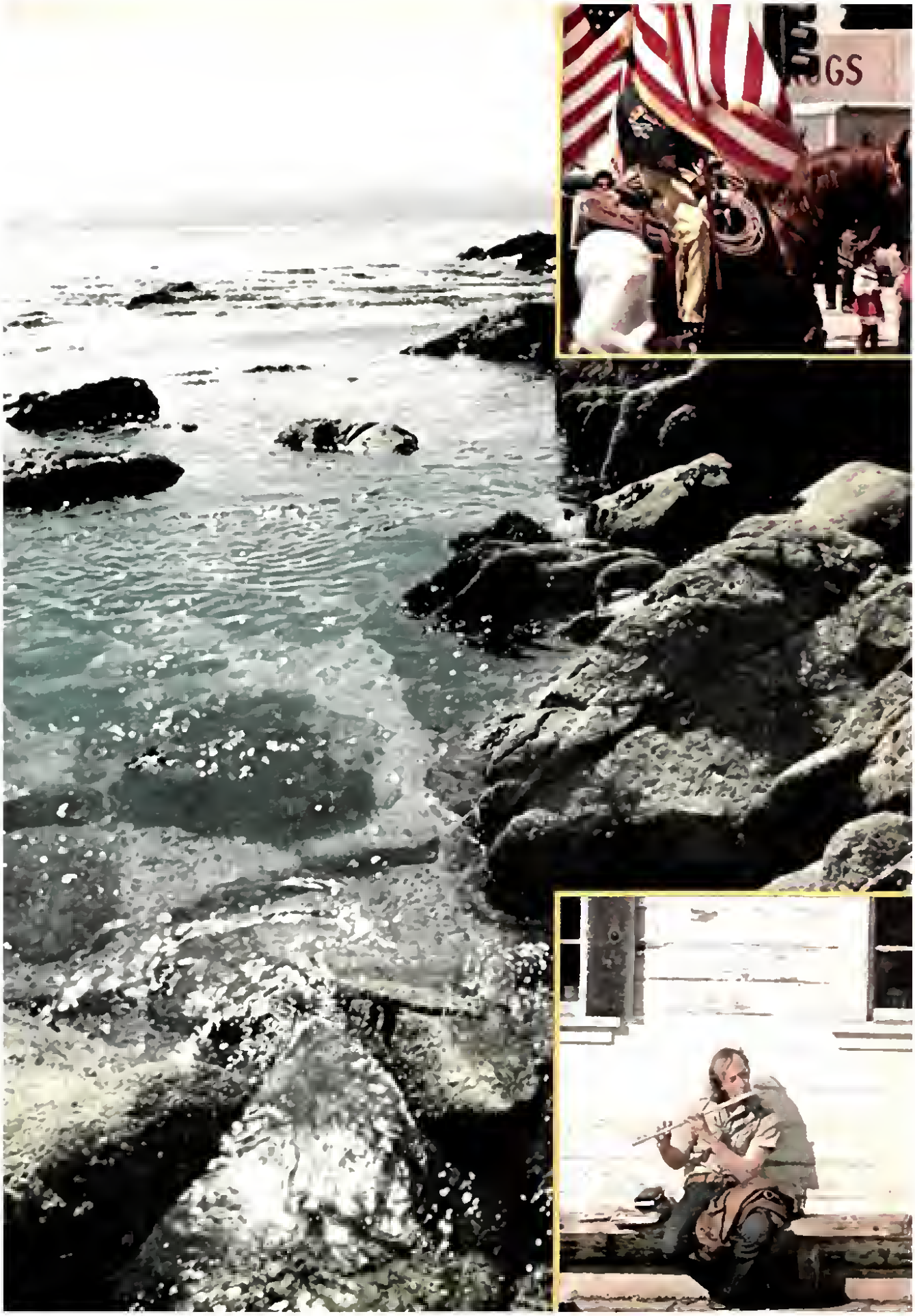
There is no stink, no grating noise anymore, but the sea lions still lounge on the rocks of the breakwater near the Coast Guard station, weaving their fat brown necks from side to side and croaking hoarsely at the incoming tide, and there is still a strange quality to the morning light reflected from the gray-white walls of the empty canneries. The wires from weathered old telephone poles are crisscrossed against the pale sky, the air smells of salt and the seagulls perched on the ridgepoles screech, awaiting the day's first refuse from the restaurant kitchens.

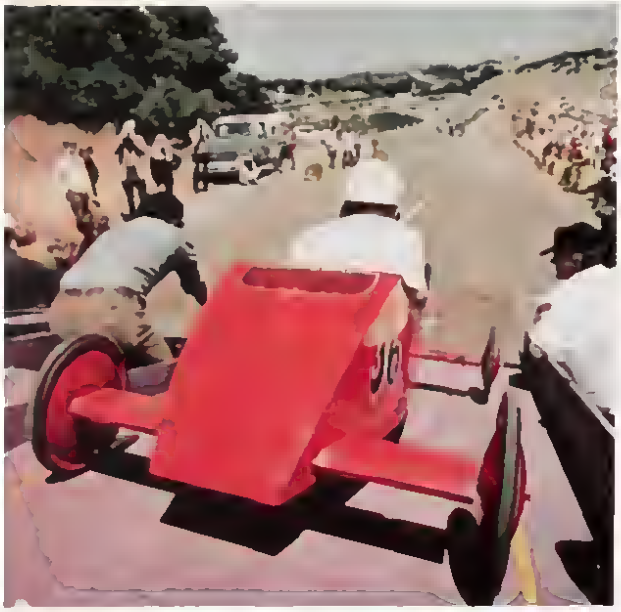
The best way to dispel ghosts in Monterey County is to drive inland. Stop in Castroville (The Artichoke Center of the World) and have a fine, dollar breakfast at Bing's Diner, which until 1948 was a trolley car on Arlington Avenue in Berkeley and now has pink tieback curtains in its windows. Or dry the fog-chill from your bones in the sunbaked Salinas Valley. A hundred miles long and 10 miles across, the Salinas is the topographic and economic backbone of Monterey County. Its history can be read in its crops—first, grazing for cattle, then, with irrigation, alfalfa, barley and sugar beets, and, finally, with refrigerated transportation, lettuce, "the green gold of the Salinas," three crops of it a year. You remember the valley. It is where James Dean and Julie Harris cavorted in the ice house. The town of Salinas at the northern end of the valley was 4,000 souls in the days of *East of Eden*. Now it is a light industrial, subdivided and mobile-housed city of 60,000, and still growing.

When Steinbeck reached the Salinas, his birthplace, during his *Travels with Charley*, he found that "what it is is warped with memory of what it was," and so he did one last sentimental thing before fleeing eastward. He climbed to the top of Frémont Peak, the highest point in the gold-brown Gabilans. From there, looking south, he could see the length of his long valley and, looking north, the blue of Monterey Bay. From that height nothing had changed, or ever would.

As he remarked to his companion: "In the spring, Charley, when the valley is carpeted with blue lupines like a flowery sea, there's the smell of heaven up here, the smell of heaven."

Diversity of climate, topography and life-style characterize Monterey. A parading horseman and a solitary flutist on Cannery Row must march to different drummers, but they share the bounty, shown here and on the following pages, of this lovely Pacific shore country.


GS



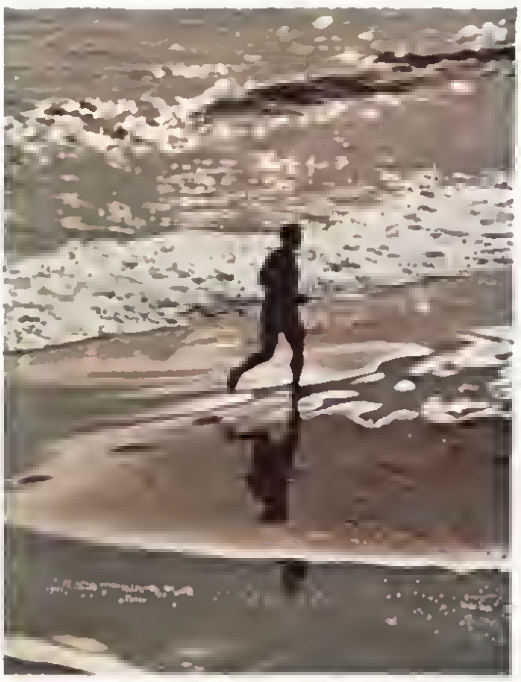
Laguna Seca (above), on the Fort Ord military reservation, hosts Can-Am sports car races and the Soap Box Derby, too. Monterey Boy, and its docks, have inspired authors as different as Robert Louis Stevenson and John Steinbeck.







At Carmel, a resort for the well-off, the sand is white, the shoppes quaint and the tourists ever welcome. They started coming there 200 years ago, which was when the Franciscans built this mission on their famed route: El Camino Real.









Tranquility is where you find it, on the terraces of the Esalen Institute on the Big Sur coast or in morning light among the empty warehouses of Cannery Row, vestiges of a sardine trade that one day swam away.



A U.S. OPEN THAT COULD SPARKLE PLENTY

by DAN JENKINS

For the U.S Open to move into Pebble Beach is sort of like the Supreme Court turning up in Marrakesh. The Open is usually just not that exotic. But this year it is going to look different, seem different and *be* different. If the seals don't bark too loudly, if a characteristic early-summer fog doesn't move *in*, if the television plans come off—showing 13 holes of the tournament over six hours of coverage—and if the entire field doesn't get lost at sea or in the ice plant, the 1972 Open has a chance to be the most glamorous thing that's happened to golf since beltless slacks.

For one thing, the Open doesn't wind up out West all that often, seeing as how the USGA, the rut-iron, the tweed jacket and all that type of thing originated—so far as America is concerned—back in Newport or Amagansett, or wherever they also invented railroads and banks.

The Open was 42 years old before it ever strayed farther west than Minneapolis. That was in 1938 when it wandered all the way out to Denver. It was 45 years old in 1941 before it crossed the Mason-Dixon line and went down to Fort Worth. It wasn't until 1948 that the Pacific Coast received the championship for the first time. In fact, this Open at Pebble Beach will be only the fourth one ever staged on the West Coast. Between Riviera in '48 and today there have been just the two at Olympic in San Francisco, the one Ben Hogan couldn't lose (but did) in 1955 and the one Arnold Palmer couldn't lose (but did) in 1966.

It is not as though the USGA never knew about Pebble Beach. It did. As long ago as 1929—only 11 years after the course opened—the U.S. Amateur was played on the Monterey Peninsula. This was a tournament primarily noted for the fact that Bobby Jones lost in the first round. The USGA also saw fit to return there for the Amateur in 1947 and again in 1961, when a lad named Jack Nicklaus won.

Like most of the country, the USGA has marveled at Pebble Beach and wondered whether the Open could ever be played there—on a course as famed for its scenic splendor as for its toughness.

There were three sound reasons why the USGA never wanted to take the risk in the past. One, it worried whether a large enough gallery could be attracted to an area basically dedicated to painting, poem writing, money counting and resting. Two, it worried about the absence of a legion of club members to do the dirty work, such as marshaling, parking, etc. Pebble Beach is a public links, although there is nothing very public about the guarded 17-Mile Drive toll road or the Del Monte Lodge. And three, the USGA wondered if the course could ever be brought into good enough condition for an Open.

To the golf establishment, the third reason was always the biggest. Because Pebble Beach, for all of its cliffs and sea and trees, is essentially a mangy layout, let's face it. At least, compared to a Merion. Ragged is what Pebble usually is. Normally, the Pebble Beach fairways are either spotty, spongy, damp, frayed or fluffy. The greens are small by modern standards and half-Poa—that word again. And during the annual Bing Crosby National Pro-Amateur every January, these things always seemed to be exaggerated by horrid weather and all of those show biz and corporate amateurs stumbling around the Poa, digging up *turf*.

But, as the 1972 U.S. Open nears, the USGA is confident that this is a tournament that will truly sparkle. Ticket sales have boomed, volunteers have been hustling as if their own private investments were at stake, and the course is somehow looking uniformly magnificent. Unfrayed, smooth as silk (where there's no rough) and elegant.

There are those in golf, mostly Merion, Pine Valley and Augusta National lovers, who think of Pebble Beach as a course that gained its lofty reputation on the strength of three holes, the 8th, 9th and 18th, or maybe even one hole, the 18th, that par-5 traveling along a sea wall, Carmel Bay to one side, the Lodge on the other, and always on television during the Crosby. They like to point out that the Peninsula itself is so uncommonly romantic, and the 16th at nearby Cypress Point has been photographed so often, it all gets mistaken for Pebble in terms of image. They think the founder, Samuel F. B. Morse, could have put any kind of course there and called it Pebble Beach, a distinctive enough name on its own—never to be confused with an Oak Hill, Oakmont or Oakland Hills—and instant celebrity would have resulted.

All this is perhaps true, but Pebble has always been a man-sized golf course, wind or no, and now that it has been given the USGA doctoring, manicuring and so-called Open treatment, it could develop the image of Monster West.

One of the things the USGA has done to Pebble Beach, which is what it feels compelled to do with any Open course, is make the tee shot tremendously important. The USGA establishes driving zones off the tee by its use of high rough and bunkering. In an Open, you drive to an island where a fairway used to be, and hit to another island where a green *might* be. And the islands at Pebble are, in some cases, about the size of a doughnut.

While USGA Executive Director P. J. Boatwright *is* more generous *in* this area than Joe Dey ever was, the pros nevertheless tell you that P.J. wears the striped tie and blue coat of the USGA and, rightly or wrongly, the pros don't think the USGA wants *anybody* to win an Open. Most of the USGA doctoring at Pebble Beach has been on the inland holes, some of which were too short and too easy for the modern pro. They've been toughened at the same time the photogenic holes have been refined, and the overall result should be a course the pros actually have never seen before, re-

continued

This is the club Frank Beard would swing.

Even if he had to buy it.



Frank will tell you . . . even if he waren't a membar of tha H&B advisory steff, he'd swing Power-Bilts. A lot of other pros will tell you the seme thing. And some of them aren't on our steff.
But they'va taff it. We cell it the "Power-Bilt experience." It's e teeling of confidence that comes from swinging Powar-Bilts, the Master-Matched woods with *brass behind every* shot.
It's e laaling thet peys off. Beard can tell you ebout thaf, too.

The POWER-BILT experience

HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO.
Louisville, Kentucky
Sold only in Golf Professional Shops

gardless of how many Croshys they've played in.

One further element of fascination about all this is that, thanks to the energy of ABC-TV, a world unfamiliar with the glories of the course is going to get to see nearly *all* of Pebble Beach.

The idea to let people in on most of Pebble's splendors occurred first to a television executive as he was making a transcontinental trip. Like most people who regularly travel coast to coast, he had discovered that he had seen the movie on board, and that the man seated next to him wanted to talk about heavy-equipment moving. ABC's Chuck Howard did what anyone else would have done under the circumstances. He began poring over a TV survey map.

What Howard noticed was that Pebble Beach's configuration is uniquely suited to TV camera coverage because the holes are so closely bunched. ABC in recent years has always put 22 cameras (and three production vans) into its Open coverage, a healthy one-third more equipment than is normally used for a routine tour event. With this equipment and Pebble's layout, it was possible to show more of a course, and a tournament, than had ever been seen in this country. Howard worked out the details with the man who will direct the production, Malcolm Hemion, and what they found to be within their capabilities is a way to show every hole live except 1 through 4 and 9—and ABC *could* televise those if pressed into doing so by some journalistic necessity.

"We're excited about what we're attempting to do," says Howard, "but it wouldn't have been possible or make much sense without extended air time. Roone [Arledge] sold the concept to the network and the network sold it to the sponsors. This means we can cover more of a major championship than anyone has ever seen before."

What the network will show is a 30-minute program of taped highlights on Friday night, then 2½ hours of live action on Saturday and three hours of live action for Sunday's final round. Obviously, ABC is hoping for a championship as lively as last year's when Lee Trevino and Jack Nicklaus wound up in a playoff at Merion.

There is a bit of evidence that Pebble Beach might be the site of another playoff. The past 10 years reveal there is a 50-50 chance, and Open playoffs have a habit of being bunched. They came back to back in 1965 and 1966, just as they did in 1962 and 1963. One can find other occasions in the history of the Open without belaboring the subject.

Big names seem to play big roles in the Opens held out West. Ben Hogan won at Riviera that first time the Open went to the Pacific Coast. Hogan then lost to Jack Fleck at Olympic on the USGA's second trip West, and it was also at Olympic that Billy Casper caught and then defeated Arnold Palmer in '66. If Pebble encourages anything approximating this kind of fun from the big names, it will have been a memorable Open indeed.

Much of the suspense, quite naturally, will center on Jack Nicklaus and the not-so-whispered word that this represents the second leg of what could be a Grand Slam year for him. He's won the Masters; now he wants our Open, the British Open, then the PGA. What he is striving for, however, seems monumental—to have four fine putting and driving weeks, just when he needs them the most.

There is a theory that big ones are easier to win than small ones—for the big guys. Because only a few players believe themselves capable of winning them. Jack probably feels this. Still, Pebble Beach is hardly tailored for him despite the fact that he's won two Croshys on it, and one U.S. Amateur. He can't spray a tee shot at Pebble as he can at Augusta and even he, Nicklaus, will have trouble with the rough, although with his upright swing and his strength he should have less trouble than most.

Nicklaus is clearly working harder for this Open then any he has played, and no doubt he is thinking deeper about it. He is getting closer to the point in his career when he almost has the field psyched as Hogan once did in the Open—before play even begins. And if this happens at Pebble we'll have another case like Augusta, a case of Jack trying to beat himself.

Chances are, however, with the Open being played by an ocean for the first time ever, in an area where the weather defies prediction, something far more unusual will occur. It might happen to Nicklaus. It might not. But early on, only Jack and the exotic Pebble Beach scenery will have everybody's careful attention. END

Who gets your life insurance money if your beneficiary dies before you do?

According to law, all money from your life insurance policy will then go into your estate.

If you'd like to make sure your money goes directly to a beneficiary, you can name a contingent beneficiary (a second person) to receive all or part of your life insurance money... in the event that the first person you name dies before you do.

Incidentally, you are free to name a new beneficiary at any time.

If you'd like to know more about life insurance, send today for your free copy of our fact-filled 64-page booklet, "Understanding Your Life Insurance." It will help the next time you have a talk with one of the trained life insurance agents in your community.

Mail me a free copy of your 64-page booklet Understanding Your Life Insurance

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Institute of Life Insurance

Central source of information about life insurance
277 Park Avenue, Dept. B6, New York, N.Y. 10017

PEOPLE

Has 1971's "most improved" woman golf pro, **Janie Blalock,** been improving something besides her game? Last week the pig-tailed pro, winner of $32,886 this year, was accused by the Ladies Professional Golf Association of unethical conduct and – after rejecting a face-saving arrangement whereby she would stay off the tour for 12 months on "doctor's orders"– was given a year's suspension. The LPGA says she improved the placement of her ball on a green in a recent event without taking a two-stroke penalty. Miss Blalock had the decree set aside by an Atlanta court, pending a hearing next week, but to play in this week's LPGA Championship in Sutton, Mass., she had to post a $10,000 bond—a high entry fee for an event offering a top purse of $7,500. "I feel I was treated very unfairly," the 26-year-old player said from her home in Portsmouth, N.H., where she was warming up for Sutton by hitting balls in her backyard. LPGA executive director **E. M. (Bud) Erickson** said, however, that his organization "has a strong case."

Japanese industrialist **Junzo Kashiyama,** whose thoroughbreds have dominated racing in Japan, has been trying to build a top European stable. Last week he hit the jackpot when Hard to Beat, a 3-year-old he acquired for a reported $1,200,000 only a few days before, lived up to its name and won the French Derby—and $251,000—in record time. That's good news for kimono and suit manufacturer Kashiyama, but **Serge Sokolon,** the British sportsman who sold him the horse, wasn't exactly taken to the cleaners. He paid only $2,800 for Hard to Beat as a yearling.

Joe Pepitone, who retired from baseball on May 2, has announced that he will return to action with the Chicago Cubs at the end of the month. Joe was reportedly persuaded by Cub Coach **Pete Reiser,** but Pepitone gives at least equal credit to his mother. "Get back to baseball, Joe," she told him. Seems he used to send her a check for $100 or $200 every month, and now, says Joe, she misses it. Well, whoever did it, welcome back, Joe.



• For a time last month Paris took on the appearance of an American sports award banquet. A group of U.S. athletes traveled to the French capital for American Sports Week, a benefit for the American Hospital in Neuilly. The players put on exhibitions and – as Dallas Cowboys Flanker **Bob Hayes** does here for a pair of police officers at the Théâtre de la Musique – showed off some moves rarely seen on the banks of the Seine.

It sounded more like advice from a Jewish mother, but the full-page ad in the *Texas Observer*, headlined MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE BEEN A LAWYER, was really **Jim Plunkett's** way of soliciting support for the Mexican American Legal Defense and Educational Fund. The New England Patriot quarterback is scarcely about to abandon his lucrative career in football. "There's nothing I like better than being a first-string quarterback," he says in the ad. "But now I can also see what it means to be a first-string lawyer" – probably a reference to Robert Woolf, his own legal eagle, who negotiated Plunkett's six-figure contract with the Pats.



Detroit welterweight **Ron Harris** last week accused former major league pitcher **Dean Chance,** now an Ohio fight promoter, of offering him money to lose a match against Ohio welterweight champ **Bobby Haymon.** Not at all, says Chance: the extra $300 was simply insurance in the unlikely event that Harris *should* lose. Harris was unconvinced. The case was brought to Michigan State Boxing Commissioner **Chuck Davey** to see if the offer constituted a bribe. Davey agreed it was a mite peculiar, but concluded it was all a misunderstanding. At week's end Harris was still incensed, feeling that he had been accused of lying. On the other hand, Cleveland's boxing commission thought the arrangement was peculiar enough to outlaw all future "if come" contracts that offer a premium for losing.

Long hair apparently runs in the Trudeau family. **Serge Trudeau,** the 21-year-old cousin of Canada's Prime Minister, was riding a bicycle in Key West recently when he was stopped by a policeman and cited for not having a light. "This never would have happened if I didn't have long hair," said young Trudeau, who added that he would certainly never recommend the Keys as a vacation spot to his cousin **Pierre.** No matter. Serge was later acquitted of the charge.

◆ Eleven-year-old **John F. Kennedy Jr.** stopped off with a friend, **Eric Van Hugley,** in the dugout at Shea Stadium last week for some expert advice from **Willie Mays.**

I. W. HARPER.
THE IMPRESSION IS LIGHT.



It has a liberated attitude.

If you believe great bourbon has to taste heavy, you believe a myth. Because I. W. Harper is great bourbon that never tastes heavy. It always treets your taste light.

86 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
© I. W. Harper Distilling Co, Louisville, Ky

The new General Dual-Steel dared drive the open road

Proof: This unique demonstration of strength.



We buffed all the tread off four General Dual-Steel Radial tires—right down to the steel belts. Then we mounted them on a standard sedan, and hit the road. Over railroad tracks, over cobblestones and curbs, through city streets, around tight curves, up long hills...mile after mile. The General Dual-Steel Radials rode on the strength of their steel belts. Rode with the comfort and smoothness you'd expect from a polyester-cord steel-belted radial. Rode with the safety you'd expect from General Tire, the company that built the famous Dual-90.®

If these tires, stripped to the naked steel belts, can take this, imagine their strength with full treads.



Two steel belts protect your family mile after mile; tough Duragen® tread rubber hangs on to the curves; and it's a Calibrated® tire...computer-processed for a smooth, quiet ride.

No wonder this was the first polyester-and-steel radial approved by Detroit for new cars. Ask your General Tire Retailer about Dual-Steel Radial tires now.

Radial™ tire: So strong we on its naked steel belts.



GENERAL TIRE

The safe-driver tire company

If you're a 16-21 year old driver ...or know one . ask about our Youth Discount Card.

The Desert Porsche

That lovely vision is not a mirage. It is a very real Porsche 914.

And next to a camel, it's the most practical thing you could put on a desert.

It goes forever without a drink of water. The engine is air-cooled.

It goes far between oases. About 26 miles to the gallon.

And you go in comfort with wide bucket seats and optional air conditioning.

There are two trunks to hold everything you and somebody else might need.

And a fiberglass roof that locks on quickly because the desert gets cold at night.

The 914 has a 5-speed gearbox to make you go like the wind. And 4-wheel disc brakes to stop you on a dinar.

It handles like a thoroughbred, praise be to rack-and-pinion steering and a nearly 50-50 weight distribution. (The engine is in the middle.)

And while it's chic to drive a Porsche, you don't have to be a sheik to afford one.



Porsche Audi a division of Volkswagen

Rose is a Red, Vida's Blue

Blass is class and so are you if you heed the author's plea to do something about the terrible drought that has befallen baseball verse

Whatever happened to baseball verse? Casey at the Bat, Tinker to Evers to Chance, Spahn and Sain and Pray for Rain. After that, a drought. An occasional "Leo Durocher Isn't Kosher" banner must fly in Chicago, but that would be about it. You'd think Jim Fregosi doesn't rhyme with *cosi cosi*, or something.

Could be, though, that there is a lot of verse around, blushing unseen, like mine. Two springs ago, when Tom Seaver, Jerry Koosman, Gary Gentry and Nolan Ryan of the Mets looked as though they were going to become the greatest starting rotation of all time, I wrote the following:

O Seaver and Koosman and Gentry and Ryan,
Each with a fastball as fierce as a lion,
They've all got such stuff that it eats you up whole,
And now even Ryan is gaining control

Unfortunately, they did not become the greatest starting rotation of all time, so what demand there had been for a poem about them ebbed. A few years earlier I had written a couple of double dactyls:

Higgledy-piggledy,
Christopher Mathewson
Weekdays through knotholes his
Fadeaway'd throw.
Never, however, would
Do so on Sunday—his
Hypersabbatical
Answer was no.

Higgledy-piggledy,
Iron Man McGinnity
Pitched doubleheaders and
Thus became famous.
These days such mound work is
Overexuberance:
Ford goes six innings and
Then becomes Ramos.

Unfortunately, not enough people appreciated oldtime Giant pitchers and the double dactyl simultaneously. Nor, as my own informal polls indicate, do they now. More people respond to limericks, to wit:

An owner of players, Charles Finley,
Now smiles, if at all, rather thinly.
McLain's on the farm,
And Blue is not warm,
And Jackson is not really friendly.

But I think what is really needed today is clerihews. The clerihew is named after Edmund Clerihew Bentley, who invented it. One of the first was:

Sir Christopher Wren
Said, "I am going to dine with some men,
If anybody calls
Say I am designing St. Paul's."

The clerihew's first line is someone's name, its rhyme scheme is aabb and otherwise it is irregular. If that isn't suited to baseball, I don't know what is. It remains only for some concerned party to provide the aabb. The latest book by W. H. Auden, who is generally held to be the greatest living poet in English, is a collection of clerihews. One of them rhymes Thackery and daiquiri. But Auden seems not to know much about baseball, and Clerihew Bentley is dead, and so is Franklin P. Adams, who wrote about Tinker, Evers and Chance. So:

Larry Lajoie
Was a good old boie.
His glove had no pocket.
He came from Woonsocket.

Orval Overall
Had fans who liked him best of all.
They'd shout (it always brought him solace):
"Orval, Orval Uber Alles!"

Eddie Plank
Would often blank
His opponents—
Toss them goose eggs, horse collars, donents.

Rabbit Maranville
Made fewer errors than Tommy Manville
Had wives.
And was one-third the size of Burl Ives.

Mordecai P. Brown
Won great renown
As one of the greatest flingers
Who ever lacked two fingers.

Solly Hemus
Is not to be confused with Remus.
Hemus had a good reliable infielder's arm, so if he'd pitched he could at least have found home.
Remus, with Romulus, founded Rome.

All right. Clerihews can commemorate the oldtimers. But what can they do for the modern scene? Can they be made relevant? I say yes.

Jerry Grote
Won't take peyote.
"If I did," he says in catcher's argot,
"I might present too high a targot."

Roberto Clemente
May feel like Cardinal Mindszenty,
But he hits like a stripling.
See there, he just finished tripling.

Yogi Berra
Belongs to a different era.
Not the Mesozoic.
The one when the Yanks were heroic.

Jim Lefebvre
Is either an over- or under-achiebvre.
So is Joe Lahoud.
It depends on your moud.

Burt Hooton
Attracts a lot of rooton.
He throws a knuckle curve.
Of all the nerve.

Aurelio Rodriguez
May lead both liguez
In third-base looks,
But in catches no one matches
Brooks.

Could any pitcher in the USA
Throw every day?
Wilbur Wood
Might could.

continued

Larry Bowa
Knows the scowa.
Plays in the clutch like a victor.
Dreads being nicknamed Bowa
Constrictor.

Gaylord Perry
Doesn't drink sherry.
If he even sips cider
It's to add a little drop to his slider.

Willie McCovey
Is not lovey-dovey.
But when his arm comes aroun'
He'll take you downtown.

One nice thing about the clerihew is that with some expansion, which should no longer be a dirty word around baseball, it can be used to deal with the old and the new together:

Amos Rusie
Wasn't choosy.
Melvin Ott
Never tried to be what he was not.
Wagner (Honus)
Got no bonus.
Mickey Cochrane
Adhered to dochrane.
Art Nehf
Looked after himsehf.
Wally Pipp
Wasn't off on some kind of weird trip.
Ray (Cracker) Schalk
Let his catcher's mitt talk.
You didn't hear all this groanin'
From Joseph Cronin.
Your Lou Gehrigs
Didn't have hysterigs.
Your George Halases
Didn't need analysis.

There may be some who will object that a football executive has been dragged in just for the sake of a rhyme. But, ha ho, George Halas spent one year, 1919, with the Yankees as an outfielder, and hit .091. There may even be those who will question the rhyming of Cochrane with doctrine. It is just such people who are keeping baseball verse down.

THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

NL EAST The Mets won their usual four of six as Rusty Staub got his seventh home run, Tom Seaver pitched his eighth win, John Milner hit three home runs and Jon Matlack tossed a shutout. Lower-echelon St. Louis and Philadelphia were the principal victims. All that made happiness incomplete for big crowds at Shea Stadium was the absence of home runs by either Willie Mays or visiting Brave Henry Aaron, tied for second place behind Babe Ruth's 714 at 648.

Equally routinely, Pittsburgh beat Philadelphia on Memorial Day, 7–3 and 4–2, bringing its record against lefthanders to 8–0. But the Pirates did lose the opener of a series at Montreal and San Francisco. Among other exploits by Pirate bats were Willie Stargell's ninth and 10th homers.

The poor Chicago Cubs have won 21 of 30 games since April 28, when they were six games out, and now they are seven back as the Mets and Pirates keep sailing along. Jose Cardenal had six home runs and 28 RBIs and Billy Williams hit two home runs while Cardenal also staged a spectacular slide into home to win another.

Montreal pulled off a triple play against Houston, Bill Stoneman allowed the Astros only four hits in 10 innings and Outfielder Boots Day, after going 1 for 4, singled home the run that won a tense game 1–0. The preceding day Lee May murdered the Expos. He singled twice, doubled and homered. One broken-bat blow not only went for a hit, but the meat end of the bat nearly wiped out the Montreal dugout.

Floundering Philadelphia replaced General Manager John Quinn after 13-plus seasons with Farm Director Paul Owens, but, as Pitcher Dick Selma noted, "The way this club is going, you could get us Roberto Clemente and he might hit .210." Sure enough, the Phils thereupon dropped a 6–5, 10-inning decision to the Reds, their 17th defeat in 18 games. The Cardinals lost their 14th one-run game, 1–0 to Los Angeles, when Scipio Spinks left his lucky stuffed gorilla at home. Numerous fire trucks converged on the Cards' hotel after the game. False alarm. The Cards aren't hot.

NY 31-12 PITT 25-18 CHI 23-18
MONT 18-23 PHIL 18-27 ST. L 16-28

NL WEST Lean, laconic Jim Brewer may have been born in Merced, Calif., but he talks, acts and looks pure Oklahoma—Broken Arrow, Okla., which is where he grew up. Batters wish he would go back there and fall in an oil well. Probably the most professional reliever in the majors, Brewer pitched or warmed up in every game of the Dodgers' road trip, on which they won five and lost two. He allowed just one hit in his last four appearances. And Brewer wants to pitch more. "If I go an inning or two, I could pitch eight or 10 days in a row," he says.

For the Reds it was raining splinters off the old Bench. Johnny had 13 hits, 13 RBIs, seven homers and 10 runs against Houston and Philadelphia. His Cincinnati *compadres* swept the Astro series with 39 runs and 44 hits. "He's letting his hands do the work instead of trying to muscle the ball," Manager Sparky Anderson explained.

Almost unbeatable in previous years on the Astrodome's canned grass, Houston inexplicably lost the last six games of this home stand. But at alien outdoors Montreal, Lee May—who batted .486 with seven homers against the Expos last year—continued his road streak and the Astros snapped their losing string 7–1. "There is no way to pitch to May when he's on a tear," Montreal Manager Gene Mauch said. "Name your top hitters and he's all of them put together."

Loyal Paul Richards, who had asked to be fired instead of his manager, got his wish—almost. The Atlanta head man was demoted to what Owner Bill Bartholomay called "super-super scout," although the Braves had won nine of their last 13. "Paul is freed of the responsibility of being around the office," Bartholomay said.

After the Padres had waited all last year and part of this for Tom Phoebus to win his first game at San Diego Stadium, he finally did on June 3—for the Chicago Cubs. "That's typical of the way things are going for us," said Don Zimmer as San Diego lost 10 of 11.

LA 26-17 CIN 26-18 HOUS 25-18
ATL 18-23 SD 16-28 SF 17-32

AL EAST Money player Norm Cash finally rang up the first home run in nine games for the normally power-rich Tigers. Three batters later, Mickey Stanley hit another, but Detroit still had to wait until the 10th inning to beat Cleveland—on a sacrifice fly. It was the second extra-inning win of the week for Reliever Fred Scherman, but the Tigers also lost 1–0 to Gaylord Perry on the first opposition homer in 74 innings.

Brooks Robinson, the American League synonym for third base, had committed seven errors, had not hit a homer in 39 games and actually got benched in one game with the A's and Vida Blue, against whom he hits under .200. Feeling a little naked, the rest of the Baltimore lineup redoubled its efforts and beat Blue 5–1 behind Jim Palmer.

A slump was beginning to plague Cleveland morale. As the Indians lost their ninth in 10 games, Third Baseman Graig Nettles and Shortstop Eddie Leon were angry about being platooned. "My fielding is bad but it shouldn't affect the rest of the team unless

continued

©1972 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.



FREE. Revolutionary new scented lure from Camel Filter.

The 'Old Pol' Hydron Royal Gold Spoon is a brand-new idea from the Woodstream Corporation. It's an all purpose fishing lure that only releases its scent when wet. So it lasts much longer, up to a full season.

And right now this lure is not for everybody. Because right now, the only way you can get the Royal Gold Spoon is through this Camel Filter offer.

Send us two empty packs of Camel Filters with the coupon below and you'll be one of the first to use this breakthrough in fishing lures.

And it's yours Free!

Mail To:
FREE FISHING LURE OFFER
P.O. Box 9519, St. Paul, Minnesota 55195

I'm hooked on the idea of this revolutionary new lure. Please rush one to me. I enclose 2 empty packs of Camel Filters with this coupon

Name _____
(Please Print Plainly)
Street & No. _____
Phone _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____

I certify that I am 21 years of age or over. Offer expires July 15, 1972. This offer is void wherever it is prohibited by law. Limit one per customer. This certificate must accompany your proof-of-purchase and may not be reproduced. Your rights may not be assigned or transferred. All costs of offer paid by manufacturer. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.



Camel Filters. They're not for everybody.

20 mg. tar, 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '71.



Lure Actual Size.

When Cliff Richey takes off his Purcells, he puts on his Purcells.



Cliff Richey wears Purcells on the court. And off.

So when Cliff Richey finishes a championship tennis match, he takes off his rugged, on-the-court Purcells.

And then he puts on his leather, off-the-court Purcells. The ones just right for the guy who knows where his shoes are going to take him next.

To a party. Or a casual get together. Or a sporting event. Or to watch another tennis match.

New Purcell RaceArounds. They make you look good when you're playing your favorite game.

Whatever your favorite game happens to be.

You'll find them wherever you buy better shoes.

Jack Purcell

B.F.Goodrich

...in pursuit of excellence

I loaf or dog it," Nettles said, adding, "I don't and I never will."

The high points of an even 4-4 week for New York were two: taking a doubleheader from Detroit, 5–1 and 4–2, and beating Chicago in 13 innings, 18–10. In that wild 13th, Thurman Munson and Bobby Murcer each hit a home run with two men on.

Besides beating Baltimore twice, once on Ray Culp's three-hit shutout, Boston polished off Milwaukee three out of four but lost two to Kansas City.

Whether or not Dave Bristol deserved to be fired as manager, Milwaukee was fired up. The Brewers won four of their first six under Del Crandall, hit .315, got a one-hitter from Skip Lockwood and beat the Yankees in the 12th inning with four walks after earlier hitting four home runs.

DET 23-17 BALT 21-18 CLEV 18-18
NY 18-22 BOST 16-21 MIL 15-22

AL WEST

Oakland kept winning (five of seven), even though Vida Blue, a remarkable 10-1 at this time last year, finished the week 0-2. Blue is a fast low-ball pitcher when in form. When not—and he wasn't—he throws higher and slower. Pitcher Ken Holtzman, a prime force behind the A's momentum, beat the Orioles 4–2 on Mike Epstein's two-run homer.

Harmon Killebrew hit the 521st homer of his career (and sixth of the season), tying Ted Williams for sixth on the all-time list, but Minnesota lost to Detroit 5–3. Earlier, Phil Roof, 10,000th or so on the all-time list, hit two in one game to beat Kansas City 3–2. And on both the next two nights Eric Soderholm (five career home runs) hit homers, winning one game.

Chicago's "Gasp-house Gang" ran out of breath and the White Sox lost five out of seven in California. The Sox were 17-3 at home and 6-14 on the road, batting 281 at White Sox Park and .201 away.

Leroy Stanton is making California's end of the Jim Fregosi trade look better and better. Stanton has driven in 19 runs, smashed five home runs and raised his batting average from .136 to .260 in the last 12 games. He hit another homer Saturday, but the biggest part of that 8–4 win—the Angels' eighth in the last nine—was due to Sandy Alomar, whose 4 for 5 upped his average to .292. After losing four of five on the road, Kansas City won three in a row and Lou Piniella became the top batsman in the league at .338.

Texas couldn't even come in out of the rain. Losers of 11 of their last 13, the Rangers fell behind 4–0 in the first inning against Milwaukee and tried to stall as a storm approached. The game took five hours. Result: Rangers lose 7–5.

OAK 26-13 MINN 23-18 CHI 23-17
CAL 20-23 KC 16-24 TEX 17-26





Deep in the heart of . . .

Texan Bob Kleberg and thousands of fans is effection for Canonero, the wonder horse (above), though he seems not so wonderful anymore

For the first time this year New York, the state with the most racing (396 days), also managed to have the best. At Belmont Park on Memorial Day the $100,000 Metropolitan Handicap drew a million-dollar field (actually the starters had won $2.4 million) of older horses. And two days later in the $50,000 Withers, classic colts like Key to the Mint and No Le Hace went all out in their final prep for next Saturday's Belmont Stakes.

Both the Metropolitan and the Withers are raced over a mile—a distance that many trainers consider the toughest for a horse to tackle. It usually is a stirring contest from flag fall to finish, with the field being allowed no breather at any point. The distance is a little long for a sprinter, yet often too short for the true classicist. It takes a good racehorse to win at something other than his specialty when he is toting a heavy weight and the competition is of high caliber. Last week's victors Executioner in the Metropolitan and Key to the Mint in the Withers demonstrated their quality.

Nearly 60,000, the largest crowd by far of the New York season, turned out to see the Metropolitan, though few came especially to see Executioner do his thing. Despite a record of four wins in six starts this year, the son of The Axe went off at 16 to 1. The 3-to-2 favorite in the race was Bold Reasoning, who seemed back at his best after a leg injury that took nine months to heal. The main attraction, however, was Canonero II, the storybook stallion of the 1971 Triple Crown races. After finishing a gallant fourth in the Belmont, losing by only 4½ lengths despite lameness, he had been given nearly a year of R & R. Now he was fit again. But Canonero, bet down to 3-to-1 second choice, could finish no better than eighth in the Metropolitan, beaten some 10 lengths.

Despite this less than heroic performance, the romance of Canonero endures. It is a lovely tale, showing a sentimental side of racing seldom seen anymore.

Following his amazing wins in the Kentucky Derby and Preakness, the Canonero fan club swelled to Raquel Welch proportions, but the colt's admirers before then were few, just a handful of Venezuelans and one American. This was Robert J. Kleberg, owner of the King Ranch.

On Derby Day 1971, as the 20-horse field was being saddled in the Churchill Downs paddock, Kleberg, who owned two previous Derby winners (Assault in 1946 and Middleground in 1950), was standing in the walking ring scrutinizing the entries. He is an expert judge of livestock of all kinds, as well he might be, owning hundreds of thousands of steers, quarter horses and thoroughbreds. After 10 minutes of careful observation, Kleberg said, "That No. 15 is just about the best-looking colt I ever saw. Who is he, anyway?" Half an hour later No. 15 led the field under the wire, and, as cries

continued

The phone company wants more operators like Rick Wehmhoefer.

Rick Wehmhoefer of Denver, Colorado, is one of several hundred male telephone operators in the Bell System.

Currently, Rick is a directory assistance operator. "So far, my job has been pleasant and worthwhile," he says. "I enjoy assisting people."

We have men like Rick in a lot of different telephone jobs. Both men and women work as Bell System mechanics, truck drivers, installers and engineers.

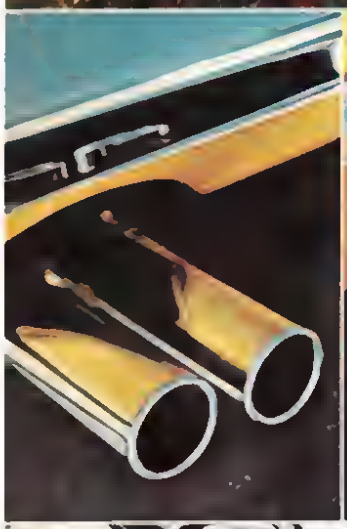
We want the men and women of the telephone company to do what they want to do, and do best.

Today, when openings exist, local Bell Companies are offering applicants and present employees some jobs they may never have thought about before. We want to help all advance to the best of their abilities.

AT&T and your local Bell Company are equal opportunity employers.















CAPRI

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

Ford

Capri.
The sexy European.

Now in a more spirited version.

It's no surprise when a car is sexy, European and *expensive.*

Capri caused a sensation by being sexy, European and *inexpensive.* And surprised everybody except us by selling more cars in its first two years in America than any import in history.

Capri makes history again with its new, more spirited version—equipped with a gutsy 2600 cc. V-6 engine, a match for cars costing twice the price.

But there's more to the new V-6 than what's under the hood.

Blackout rocker panels and rear end trim. Chrome twin exhausts. Styled steel wheels and fat radial tires. All standard.

And that's not all. Rack and pinion steering. Power front disc brakes. And beefed-up suspension for crisp handling.

There's still more: A silky smooth floor shift. Full instrumentation including tachometer. Front bucket seats in soft vinyl that looks and feels like real leather. Room for four adults. Full carpeting underfoot. And a sophisticated instrument panel with handsome woodgrain effect.

If you insist on spending extra, Capri can offer you automatic transmission, a sun roof, vinyl top, and decor group interior (illustrated).

But Capri doesn't need many options because it comes equipped with so much.

So much for so little. That's Capri. That's the kind of spirit we need more of!

Buckle up for safety.

Imported for Lincoln-Mercury.

of "Viva Canonero" swept through the rambling Downs, Bob Kleberg's eyes were twinkling.

Two weeks later came the colt's incredible track-record performance in the Preakness. And then, before he had a fair opportunity to win the Belmont and the Triple Crown, the dream came to an end. Canonero suffered from thrush (a virulent sort of athlete's foot), skin disease and hock trouble in the days preceding the Belmont. That he finished fourth instead of chucking it at the head of the long Belmont stretch is tribute to his courage.

While his Venezuela handlers squabbled among themselves about Canonero's fitness to appear in that Belmont, Bob Kleberg was quietly moving to buy the horse. "I want that colt," he declared determinedly. And he got him for $1.5 million—a price he agreed to before the Belmont and one he never tried to lower after it.

Turned over to Kleberg's trainer, Buddy Hirsch, Canonero continued to be plagued by ailments. "His right hock filled the day after Mr. Kleberg bought him," Hirsch explained recently. "When the hock cleared up, an ankle puffed up, and although he was never really lame, the leg was hot. We worked on him all winter at Santa Anita and had to postpone one start after another."

At last on May 20 Canonero made it back to the races. He was beaten nearly five lengths that day, finishing second in the seven-furlong Carter Handicap. But, as Buddy Hirsch suspected he might, Canonero was favoring his right hind when he pulled up and came back to the barn somewhat "run down." Pounding on the track surface, he had scraped open a wound on the back of his ankle. In last week's Metropolitan, Canonero ran down on the same right hind leg and on his left fore as well, which will send him to the sidelines once more. Kleberg trained his expert eye on his prize colt after the Metropolitan defeat and estimated that the son of Pretendre had probably lost 100 pounds from his usual 1,200-pound weight. "I still believe I've never seen a better-looking horse," the owner said. "I'd like to win one good race with him—say the Suburban on July 22—and then syndicate him for stud duty."

When Canonero's racing days are over, he will probably stand at A. B. (Bull) Hancock's Claiborne farm in Par-

continued



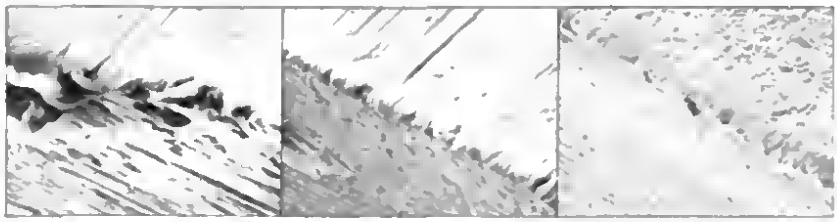
Our blades are replaceable because your face isn't.

You've got a nice face. And you probably wouldn't want to see anything happen to it.

Well, neither would we.

But when you shave—no matter what you shave with—eventually your blades will get dull. (This is true regardless of whether they're stainless steel, coated platinum, or fourteen carat gold.)

Exhibit A. Photographs show blade edges magnified 650 times



Our nearest competitor's blades after 6 months. | Our blades after 6 months | Our replaceable blades

And when they get dull, they hurt. They pull. They drag. And they're generally irritating.

And since they haven't made the blade yet that can re-sharpen itself (see Exhibit A), you may have to learn to live with shaver drag.

Unless, you'd rather live with a Remington® instead.

At Remington, we make our shaver blades of 1 pt. carbon steel. They're as sharp as you can get.

Then, we make them replaceable.

So that about six months (or 200 shaves) later, when they start to get dull, you just replace them.

What you get (and keep on getting) is a nice, comfortable, close shave. Not just when your shaver is new—but six months later, when other shaver blades can start to drag.

After all, who'd want to hurt a beautiful face like that?



REMINGTON®

SPERRY RAND

1972 S R C Remington Electric Shaver Division/ Bridgeport, Conn

Give the lighter that works like lightning.

Gift of a lifetime:
the revolutionary Maruman.
No flint, no wick, no battery.



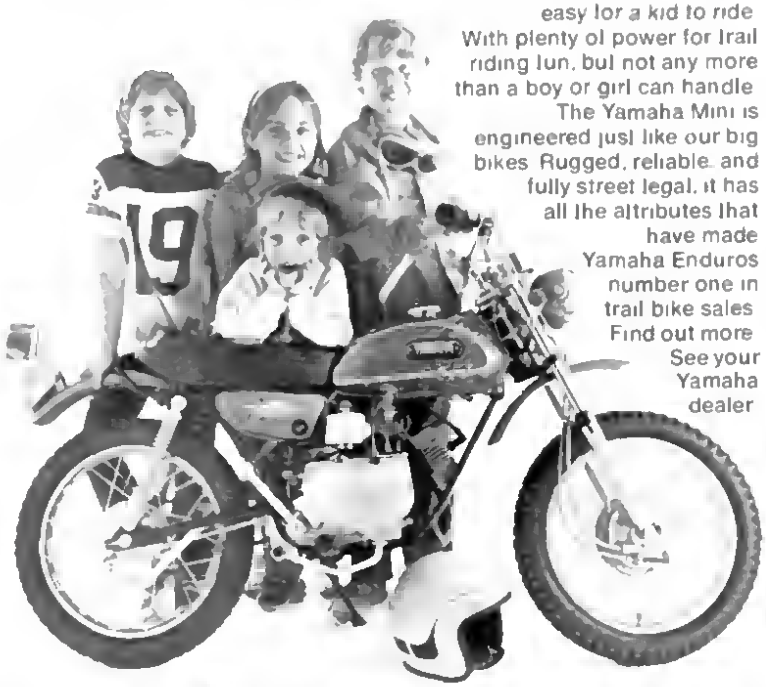
Its almost magical ceramic element creates a quarter-inch lightning bolt when you press the thumbpiece. This ignites clean butane fuel—so dependably, you'll get years of lights with no wick, no flint, no battery to replace... ever. Get Maruman at jewelry, tobacco and department stores. Ten handsome designs and finishes. From $15 for chrome to $27.50 for fine gold plate.

Maruman

Distributed by Consolidated Cigar Corp.
1 Gulf + Western Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10023

The great mini machine.

The Yamaha JT2 Mini Enduro. Light, compact, and easy for a kid to ride. With plenty of power for trail riding fun, but not any more than a boy or girl can handle. The Yamaha Mini is engineered just like our big bikes. Rugged, reliable, and fully street legal, it has all the attributes that have made Yamaha Enduros number one in trail bike sales. Find out more. See your Yamaha dealer.



YAMAHA The great machines for '72.

is, Ky., and the asking price will be $50,000 a share, which would put his total value at $1,600,000. "It would be hard to get that for him right now," says Hancock realistically. "His pedigree is against him. It would help if he'd won in New York during his career. It would help tremendously if he won the Suburban, and it would be a lot easier if he'd won the 1971 Belmont Stakes instead of the Preakness. But we'll do our best."

With or without Canonero the ranks of the older horses are filled with talent. In or close to New York, in addition to Executioner and Bold Reasoning, are Paul Mellon's Run the Gantlet and Farewell Party, John Galbreath's His Majesty and Good Counsel, and a host of others including West Coast Scout, Loud, Droll Role, Autobiography and Peace Corps. This Eastern Establishment may expect stiff competition when and if it comes up against the three leading horses of the West: Cougar, Unconscious and Triple Bend. A year ago it was California-raced Ack Ack who swept to Horse of the Year honors. Cougar might repeat the act in 1972.

Any older horse with championship aspirations probably will have to beat the 1972 Belmont Stakes winner in the autumn weight-for-age events. This, as viewed from here, means meeting either Riva Ridge or Key to the Mint. No matter who runs against them in the demanding mile-and-a-half Belmont—and that includes No Le Hace, Upper Case, Zulu Tom, Big Spruce, Smiling Jack, Ruritania or Second Bar—it looks to be a two-horse race.

These cofavorites found the sloppy track at Pimlico a handy excuse for finishing behind Bee Bee Bee in the Preakness. If Belmont Day provides a fast racing surface, and it usually does, there is little to choose between the pair. A strong case may be made for Riva Ridge, he has, after all, already won the Kentucky Derby and has been the better and more consistent of the two colts for nearly a season and a half. The major plus for Key to the Mint is that he has been pointing for the Belmont since the day he was foaled. He won the Withers in near-record time (1:34⅘). Furthermore, his trainer, Elliott Burch, has started only three horses in the Belmont Stakes. They were Sword Dancer, Quadrangle and Arts and Letters. All three won. **END**


Smiley
KEEP OUT
America's Favorite Cigarette Break.
BENSON&HEDGES
100's
FILTER CIGARETTES
Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health
Benson & Hedges 100's.
Regular & Menthol: 21 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. '71.

Ask for this Club at the nineteenth hole.



6 YEARS OLD IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY



Canadian Club

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE CANADA

HOW GOOD COMES BEFORE HOW BIG.



Sony introduces the 15-inch-diagonal Trinitron.

We're proud to announce a giant step backwards.

Having started with a modest 12- and 9-inch-diagonal screen—having progressed to a sizeable 17-inch-diagonal—Sony now adds a fourth size.

Not a super-giant size. But a nice, medium, comfortable 15-inch-diagonal.

A bit more portable, and a bit lower-priced, than our last one.

You see, we have this hangup about the picture.

If you've ever seen the picture put out by our 100%-solid-state Trinitron system next to anyone else's color picture, you know why.

The Trinitron color picture is surprisingly sharp. *And* bright. *And* vibrant.

Put them together, and you get a quite incredible difference.

We keep telling ourselves any good TV maker can make a large screen.

But only we can make a Trinitron picture.

Cobbler, stick to thy last.

Trinitron®
SONY COLOR TV

© Sony Corp. of America, Visit our Showroom, 711 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

Six queens in one hand

While the open team competition for the world title will hold the spotlight at the World Bridge Olympiad beginning this week in Miami Beach (*SI*, June 5), insiders looking for the best chance for a U.S. victory are pinning their hopes on the Ladies' Team Championship. Of the 17 countries that will be trying to dethrone Sweden, whose team won the previous women's world championship in Deauville, France in 1968, the U.S. appears to present by far the strongest challenge.

In 1968 the U.S. entry was also ranked on paper as the pretournament favorite. But, in the end, it crumpled like paper under the pressure of internal dissension and the disadvantages of a built-in match-point-play philosophy. Most American tournaments, especially those in which women play as partners, are match-point or board-a-match games, in which the minuscule values of part scores and extra tricks may count as heavily as large bonuses for games or slams. All world championship team events, however, are scored in international match points (IMPs). Results at the two tables are compared and, while a small difference in total points can gain or lose as little as one IMP, a large difference can produce as much as a 24-IMP swing.

Late in 1968 the American Contract Bridge League changed its Olympiad selection formula to encourage women's teams to enter the major national championships—especially the Vanderbilt and Spingold knockout events, which are also scored in IMPs—by rewarding them for even modest success with generous helpings of Olympiad qualification points.

Until 1969, our leading women players rarely teamed up in these events, preferring to play with male stars as their partners or teammates. But the new system has brought about a noticeable change. When they joined forces in the 1969 Spingold, all six of our current Olympiad representatives—Mary Jane Farell of Beverly Hills, Marilyn Johnson of Houston, Peggy Solomon of Philadelphia, Emma Jean Hawes of Fort Worth, and the two New Yorkers, Jacqui Mitchell and Dorothy Hayden (now Mrs. Alan Truscott, she married *The New York Times* bridge editor in April)—promptly demonstrated that they knew their IMPs. They set a record for a women's team by reaching the quarterfinals. And in this year's competition for the Vanderbilt Cup, which Mrs. Solomon and Miss Johnson chose to skip since their team had already qualified to play for the U.S., the remaining four got to the semifinals.

As for the Olympiad, the 1972 U.S. team enjoys two further advantages. First, instead of playing as three pairs in the usual fashion, the six have split into two threesomes—Farell, Johnson and Solomon; Hawes, Mitchell and Truscott—with the result that illness, fatigue or an off day on the part of one member will not automatically sideline her partner and throw the burden on only four players. Second, Great Britain, whose women are among the best in the world and whose representatives won in 1964, has decided not to enter a team this year. Thus, another possible stumbling block has been removed from the path to a U.S. victory. Nonetheless, the U.S. team will still face strong opposition from the Italians, who won the European women's championship last year, and from the defending Swedish team.

Two of our 1972 entrants, Emma Jean Hawes and Dorothy Hayden Truscott, also played as partners on the ill-fated 1968 team. However, Dorothy's expert handling of this deal, taken from the Deauville matches, so impressed her Israeli opponents that they commented on it earlier this year, long after its heroine had forgotten the details.

Neither side vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH
♠ A Q 4
♥ 3 2
♦ A K 3
♣ A K 6 4 2

WEST
♠ J 10 9 6
♥
♦ Q J 8 6 5
♣ 10 9 8 7

EAST
♠ K 8 2
♥ A Q 10 8 1
♦ 10 7 2
♣ Q J

SOUTH
♠ 7 5 3
♥ K J 9 7 6 3
♦ 9 1
♣ 5 3

NORTH (Hawes)	EAST	SOUTH (Hayden)	WEST
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♥	PASS
3 NT	PASS	4 ♥	PASS (All Pass)

Opening lead: jack of spades

Reaching the four-heart game was easy. Making it was quite another matter. Judging that West had not led from king-jack-10 of spades, Dorothy resisted the temptation to play dummy's queen on the jack. She won with the ace and led a heart, finessing the 9 when East played low. Elation over the success of the finesse was tempered by the discovery that East held all of the trumps, but declarer found the winning line. She crossed to dummy's king of clubs and led another trump, won by East's ace. The club continuation was won in dummy and a club was ruffed, East discarding a diamond. Dorothy next cashed the ace and king of diamonds and reached this position, with the lead in dummy and three more tricks needed to win the contract.

♠ Q 1
♦ 3
♣ 6 4

♠ 10 9 6
♦ Q
♣ 10

♠ K 8
♥ Q 10 8

♠ 7 5
♥ K J 7

On the lead of the club 6, East could have discarded a spade. Declarer would then have ruffed and led a spade, forcing East to win and lead trumps, giving declarer two tricks with the king and jack. Instead, East trumped with the 8, forcing South to overruff with the jack. But this only served to transfer the endplay from hearts to spades. Dorothy cashed the king of hearts, then threw East in by leading the 7 of hearts. The queen of spades, so carefully preserved at the first trick, thus came into its own on the last.

Just one more reason why I predict that this year our U.S. queens, so often picked to win before, will at last be crowned. END

Brut for Men.

If you have any doubts about yourself, try something else.



After shave, after shower, after anything.
Brut by Fabergé

SELECTED FOR USE BY THE U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM

Of staggering proportions

UCLA overwhelmed runner-up USC 82–49 to win the NCAA title in a meet that featured a Garrison finish and some disproportionate staggers

Until the final hour last week's NCAA track and field championships at Eugene, Ore. were going according to plan, USC had the lead, with UTEP and UCLA in close pursuit and everyone else talking about individual performances. Of course, there were a few snags. It was discovered that the University of Oregon's steeplechase water jump was too shallow, that the long-jump pit was below the level of the take-off board, that the hammer throw circle was too wide—by $^{3}/_{16}$"—and that the rim around the discus circle and the stop-board of the shotput circle were yellow instead of white. After the competition was well under way it was also noticed that the mile-relay stagger starts were laid out so that the runners in Lane 8 were traveling 22 yards farther than the ones in Lane 1. Still, it was a heck of a triangular meet.

Then, in a span of 15 minutes, defending champion UCLA unloaded its heaviest guns in rapid-fire bursts, and *the meet became a rout.* Trailing USC by 16 and UTEP by five, the Uclans picked up a first and a third in the 400-meter dash (16 points), a third in the high jump (six points) and a first, third and fourth in the triple jump (20 points).

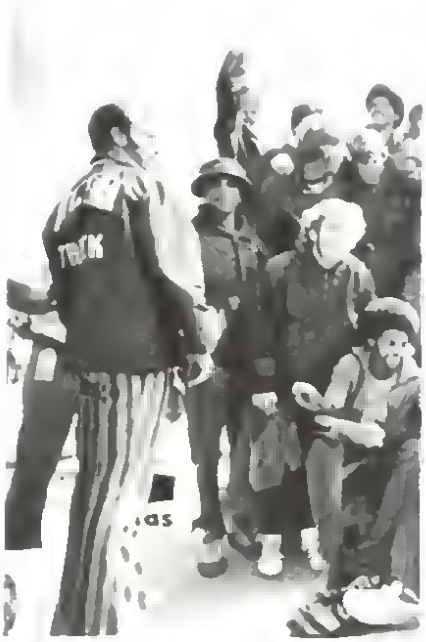
"When UCLA gets rolling, it's brutal," said Wayne Vandenhurg, the fast-talking UTEP coach. "If their quartermilers aren't doing you in, their jumpers are."

Although outwardly optimistic to the end, Vandenburg was aware that UTEP was kaput when Steve Williams, an 18-year-old freshman phenom out of New York, limped home in a 400-meter heat on Thursday. "That was when I knew our chances for second place were a lot better than for first," said Vandenhurg. "And our chances for third were even stronger than that."

A youngster to keep in mind, Williams has run a 9.3 100, a 20.3 220 and a 45.2 440, but a few weeks ago he injured his left leg in the Western Athletic Conference meet. Vandenhurg brought him along anyway, but Eugene's no Lourdes. "With our depth," he said, "we lose a star and the lights go out. UCLA or USC loses one and they bring up another fast body."

But when USC lost a few bodies, it was lights out for them, too. First there was Bo Sterner, a Swede who had arrived in the U.S. only a few months ago and was a favorite in the decathlon. In the last event of the first day the 6′ 4" Sterner won his 400-meter heat in 50.5 but was disqualified for running on the line. His 783 points became zero.

"Nobody in Sweden told me you



COACH JIM BUSH (LEFT) AND HIS UCLANS

couldn't run on the line," Sterner said to USC Coach Vern Wolfe. "Here's guy can't run on the line?"

"No," said Wolfe. "That's the other guy's lane."

"Strange," said Sterner, who gave up in disgust during the 1,500, the final event. Wolfe claimed that without the disqualification, Sterner would have won, so instead of opening with 10 points USC began with zip. The shutout became no less painful when UCLA's Rory Kotinek took fifth to earn two points.

If things weren't going right for USC and UTEP on opening day, UCLA wasn't getting off unscathed either. Traditionally, no matter whom the Uclans run in a major sprint relay, the baton always winds up on the track before the finish line. In the previous three NCAA championships they dropped the stick, and they dropped it a few weeks ago in the Pac-8 meet. At UCLA the race is known as "Oops, aw hell!" After the Pac-8, Coach Jim Bush said he was going to put an end to the nonsense by not even entering a sprint relay team.

"In 1969 we had the best 400-meter relay team in the world and we dropped the baton," he said. "And we dropped it the next two years. That's a record. This time we'll forget about the relay and concentrate on the individual events. It tears me up just to think of taking our great sprinters to Eugene and winding up with nothing."

UCLA Athletic Director J. D. Morgan talked Bush into giving the team another chance. Explained Bush: "He said the kids wanted to run and that's what the meets are for, the kids. But my grandmother can pass better than they do. I'm not going to watch."

An eminently sensible decision. UCLA dropped the baton again. "I refuse to get mad," said Bush. "I just won't. I won't. I'm mad."

By Friday morning Bush was feeling calm enough to begin worrying about the 100-meter dash. He had Warren Edmonson, a gritty little senior who had never won a major race, and USC had Donald Quarrie, the world-class sprinter from Jamaica who had won a lot of them, as well as Willie Deckard. There was also Ivory Crockett from Southern Illinois, who had run a windy 9.9 in the trials, plus Cliff Branch of Colorado, who is bypassing the Olympic Trials for a shot at pro football. "If we are to be in it," Bush said, "Edmonson has got to win." By midmorning Bush couldn't stand the suspense. He went to Edmonson's room, waking up both the sprinter and John Smith, the 440-yard world-record holder. "Can you win?" Bush asked Edmonson. "You've got to."

"Stop worrying, coach," Edmonson said. "I'll win. I'm good." Then he rolled over and went back to sleep.

True to his promise, Edmonson won his semifinal. Quarrie came in fourth, good enough to qualify, but he got a leg cramp en route. Deckard finished fifth and was out. In the final Quarrie stopped five yards out of the blocks and Edmonson won in 10.1. "Foul!" screamed Bush and Oregon Coach Bill Bowerman. They claimed Quarrie hadn't made an honest effort and should not be allowed to compete in Saturday's 200-meter and sprint-relay finals.

Quarrie's USC teammates weren't too happy about his performance, either. "We're losing the track meet and Quarrie does that," said Deckard. "He could

continued



WHOOP IT UP—WITH SEVERAL EXCEPTIONS

Brut 33
Anti-Perspirant
for Men.

You won't have
any doubts
about yourself.



Anti-Perspirant Deodorant Spray
Plus the great smell of Brut by Faberge

You'd drive the ball farther if you could slow down your swing.



A Minolta Autopak', with its variable filming speed feature, can show you—in excruciating slow motion — what everybody s been telling you is wrong with your swing

But that s just the beginning With the Autopak s unique features and system of accessories you can create cartoons out of children s drawings, or make a rose seem to bloom in two minutes

No matter what the scene, an Autopak gives you the correct exposure automatically, instantly.

Minolta Autopak-8 cameras start at around $182, plus case with optical-glass Rokkor zoom lens Accessories extra

For literature, write Minolta Corporation, 200 Park Avenue South New York, N Y 10003 In Canada Anglophoto Ltd , P O



Start to see life differently with a Minolta Autopak.

Creating a better impression



Desk Sets — single or double base with 12 Kt Gold Filled Writing Instrument From twenty five to seventy five dollars each At Better Stores Worldwide

CROSS

have tried, and if he got another cramp he could have stopped then."

"What do they want from me?" said Quarrie. "I only went into the blocks because the rules say I have to if I want to run in other events the next day. How do they expect me to run on one leg? UCLA is just trying to get me out of the meet. They know without me USC is dead."

"One leg or not he should have tried," said Deckard. "We might lose now. That gives UCLA 10 points and they've got those three good triple-jumpers. If I had been in Donald's place, I'd have tried. I run even if it hurts. Donald was brought up on that European way of training. He won't run when he's hurt."

The Bush-Bowerman protest was disallowed, but it didn't matter. Quarrie decided not to run anymore. USC scratched him from the 200-meter final, and replaced him with Edesel Garrison in the sprint relay.

"And Garrison doesn't want to run, either," said a USC teammate. "All he wants to do is play football."

"The team is getting disgusted with Garrison," said USC Pole Vaulter Scott Cryder. "In the Pac-8 mile relay the first three guys ran their hearts out and Garrison didn't even try. He said we were so far behind why strain."

The NCAA meet was Garrison's finale as a runner. Like Branch, he is bypassing the Olympics for a shot at pro ball. At least that was what he said last week.

With Garrison putting his heart into it, USC won the sprint relay. Then the Trojans got another lift when it was announced that because of the botched staggers, the teams that had been eliminated in the mile-relay heats would be allowed to compete in the final, which would be staged in two sections with placings determined by time. Running from Lane 8, USC earlier had finished last and been eliminated.

As it turned out, the ruling made no difference. UCLA had put on its spurt, leaving USC far behind. UTEP, meanwhile, was three points back of USC, mainly on account of the strong right arm of 6' 5½", 275-pound Fred DeBernardi, who won both the shot and the discus.

Fittingly, UCLA's charge was led by John Smith, who won the 400 in a brilliant, front-running 44.5. And when his teammate, sophomore Benny Brown, fin-

ished third, a step ahead of Garrison, the rout was on. A few minutes later UCLA applied the finishing touches as James Butts (53′ 2¼″), Harry Freeman and Milan Tiff did their number in the triple jump and Dwight Stones did his in the high jump. After that there was nothing but the mile relay, and in recent years that event has belonged to UCLA.

"I'm tired," said Garrison, who runs anchor. "I'm not going to run. Get somebody else. My career has ended." With that, the word got out that USC was going to scratch. "Scratch, hell!" said Wolfe, arriving on the scene. "UTEP is in the race and we need the points to stay in second. We're going to run and that means Garrison, too. Let's go."

They went and got a point by finishing sixth, with Garrison turning in another heartfelt anchor. UTEP got a nonscoring seventh so USC held on to second, 49–45. "That *really* does it," said Garrison, walking barefooted. He held out his spikes. "Anybody want these? I won't need them anymore. I hurt all over. My head. My shoulders. My back. My arms. My legs. I couldn't eat this morning because I was afraid I'd throw up. And I won't be able to eat tonight because I *will* throw up. Run for fun, they say. Be an amateur. Well, this isn't fun. Not anymore."

As expected, UCLA, getting a 44.9 anchor from John Smith, won the mile relay, and that built its winning point total to 82. After the relay Smith shook hands with Garrison. They have been rivals on the track since their high school days in Los Angeles but off it they are friends. Smitty tried to think of something to say. Finally the UCLA senior shook his head and said, "Gosh, Edesel, it's been a long four years. Come on, Reggie, let's go home."

Reggie Echols, the football flanker who runs the opening quarter on the UCLA mile relay, nodded and the two headed for the parking lot. "Hey, John," said Echols, "you really smoked that last quarter. Didn't you know we already had the meet won?"

"I wasn't thinking about that," said Smith. "Did you see me pour it on the last 110 yards? All I could think of was how tired I was. Five tough quarters in three days. I wasn't thinking about winning, or a fast time. I just wanted to get it over with."

"I hear you," said Echols. **END**

Grand-Slam® by Munsingwear. The official golf wear for all U.S. Open Committeemen and women.

And for good reason.

Munsingwear is known for quality trend-setting sportswear. For years, Grand-Slam® golf coordinates have been designed for the kinds of active movements the sport demands. It's the professional look known and accepted by golf pros everywhere. Where the pros go, so goes Munsingwear's famous penguin.

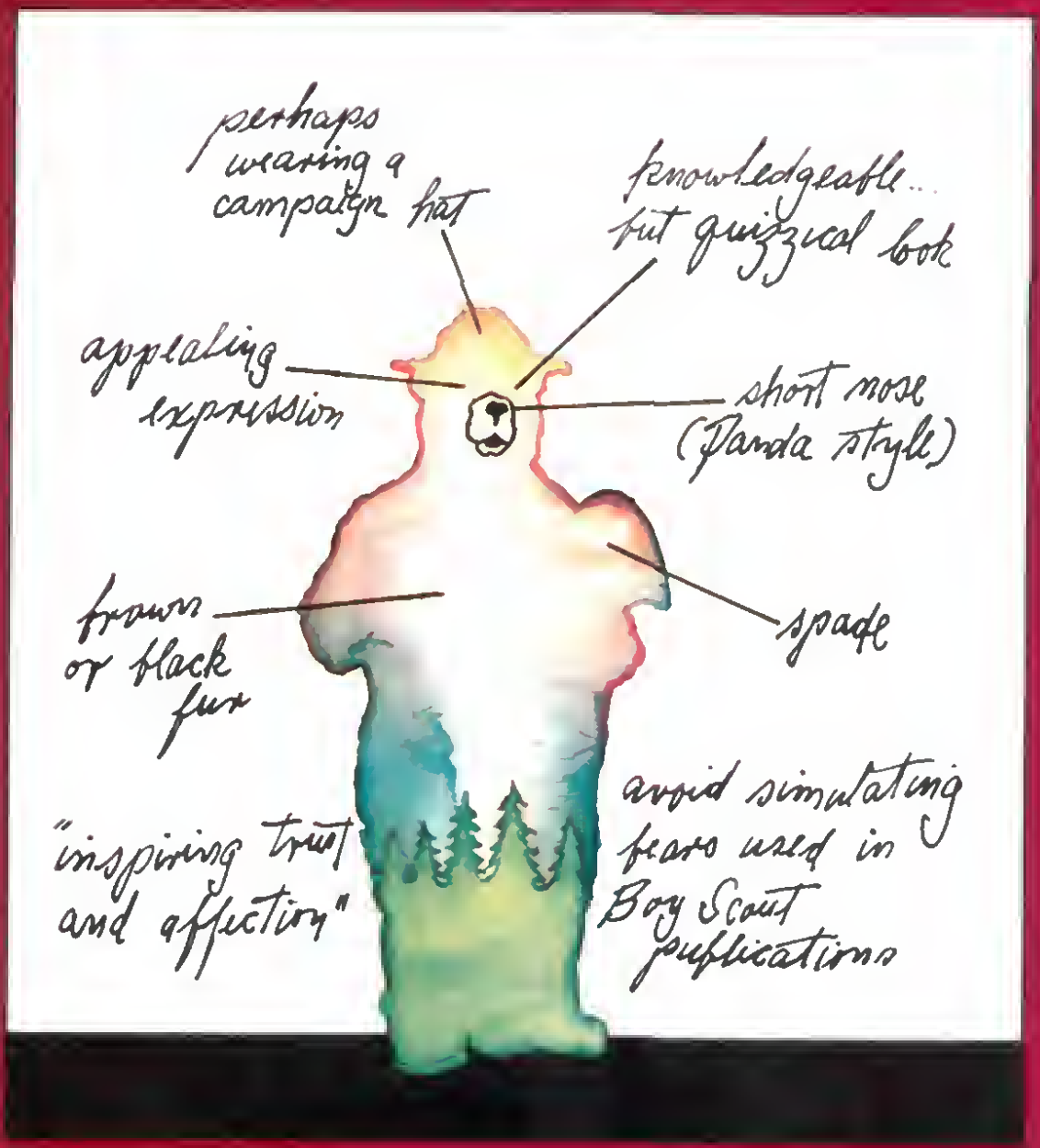
Look for it at your favorite store.



munsingwear

Minneapolis, Minn. 55405 New York, 135 West 50th St.

Where There's Smokey There's Fire



Is the Beor just the figment of on odvertising mon's imagination or is he o worthwhile, as well as a beloved, symbol? That is a burning issue nowodays omong some foresters and conservationists by BIL GILBERT

Heretics, iconoclasts and boat rockers are abroad in Smokey land. There are people now touting fire, suggesting that perhaps we do not have enough of it, just as others in these troubled times are speaking out for coyotes, marijuana, fagotry and all manner of other formerly nasty and indefensible things.

Not long ago the *Los Angeles Times* ran a front-page interview with a U.S. Forest Service researcher named Bill Beaufait. Beaufait was working in the Service fire lab in Missoula, Mont. and was an advocate of "controlled burning"—touching off fires in the woods for the good of the forest. "We have to get beyond the bear in our approach to forest fires," Beaufait was quoted as saying. "Smokey the Bear is grade school stuff and grade school is where Smokey belongs."

There probably were no more interested readers of the Beaufait story than a forest fire prevention committee convening that very morning in Los Angeles to give advice and encouragement to Smokey. "We read the story," says Mal Hardy, who was present at the session as the Forest Service's full-time manager of Smokey. "We kidded a little about putting a torch in Smokey's hand." However, Hardy, a media-minded man who is a fierce partisan of his bear and meal ticket, gives the impression that the Beaufait comments did not cause belly laughs. The group did not equip Smokey with a torch and on the spot decided not to award Bill Beaufait a Silver Smokey, an honor for which he had been considered. (The bear statuettes are handed out annually to outstanding fire preventers, just as touchdown clubs hand out MVPs.) "Beaufait has been active in research and makes a good impression on the public," Hardy says, "but that sort of sensationalism does not serve a constructive purpose."

Hardy adds that on several occasions, speaking more or less *ex cathedra*, he himself has had some good words to say about controlled burning. Furthermore, Smokey is not against fire; he is simply for fire prevention, a sophistry that on the surface appears similar to Adolf Hitler explaining that he is not anti-Jewish, just pro-Aryan. Speaking for himself, his staff, several consulting admen and agencies who arrange Smokey's affairs as carefully as they would those of a bar of soap, Hardy says, "We have kicked around the idea of broadening Smokey's message but in this business you do better keeping things simple and direct. If we can assist in publicizing legitimate ecological messages, we will try to help, but Smokey is going to stick to fire prevention, which I still regard as being an extremely valid and useful message."

Growing numbers of scientists and technicians criticize this simplistic approach. The fire freaks tend to be less prominent and media-wise than Smokey and his brain trusters. Nevertheless they are becoming increasingly bold about accusing the good bear and his crowd of promoting silly and false notions. Their argument is that fire is a natural phenomenon in the category of sunlight, heat, cold, precipitation, wind, flood and erosion and as such has a profound influence on the creation and maintenance of terrestrial life and upon the relationships between life forms. Therefore, it is as nonsensical to think of fire as evil and to mount advertising campaigns against it as it would be to create a Blinky the Bat who incessantly squeaked "Beware of light, folks—it blinds."

Among other things, fire is one of the most potent agents of rapid change within our biological system, and change is an absolutely necessary process for the maintenance of that system. The recent and romantic infatuation with ecology has tended to obscure rather than clarify this fundamental fact of natural history.

However necessary and inevitable change may be, individual creatures and species are like hard-core Sierra Clubbers inasmuch as they do not welcome change warmly nor suffer it gladly. The brontosaurus was never hatched who could say, "Ah yes, my time is past. I must depart gracefully or turn myself into a woolly mammoth." All creatures must be forced to accept change, like some incredibly bitter medicine. So fire plays its part.

A grove of oaks, for example, displays like all communities certain greedy,

continued



autocratic and change-resistant tendencies. The longer the oaks live, the larger they become and the more they dominate their neighborhood. The foliage shades out lesser species. The oak roots monopolize water and nutrients. The number of animal species dwindles to those that can live in an oak-dominated habitat. In a dry climate the accumulated litter of fallen oak leaves annually grows thicker, making it difficult for young trees to become established. (Among those choked out are oak seedlings. In our system, the overwhelming success of a species—resisting change because of exceptional luck or ability—leads only to suicide.) A good crackling fire will quickly clean out a wood dominated by one type of tree and open the glade to habitation by a far more varied community of plants and animals.

Many biological communities, particularly fragile, short-cycle ones, have come to depend on fire and the rapid changes it effects. Notable among these are the prairies, savannas and woodland glades that man and many other creatures have found particularly attractive. In a natural state, unless regularly burned, grasslands rather quickly disappear, overwhelmed by their own litter and crowded out by scrub and brush. When the grasslands decline, so do many communities of animals, large and small.

A number of species show direct adaptation to fire. There are certain kinds of evergreens that cannot reproduce—whose cones will not open to allow seeds to fall—unless exposed to the intense heat generated by fire. Among these is the Michigan jack pine which, alongwith a tiny bird, the Kirtland's warbler, played a leading role in one of the odder natural history mysteries of recent times. The warbler has always been rare, and its breeding grounds in the Michigan jack pines of the Huron National Forest were not located until 1908. However, even there the warblers were doing poorly and appeared headed for extinction. Then in the 1950s ornithological researchers discovered that the birds were suffering from lack of fire. For obscure reasons, it seemed they would nest only in groves of 7- to 20-year-old jack pines. Such trees were in short supply since, in approved Smokey fashion, federal foresters had been preventing fire in the area for a quarter of a century. Without fire and 300-degree temperatures, the jack pines did not reproduce and the warblers were soon without the young trees. After considerable soul-searching the Forest Service in the 1960s regularly began burning sections of pine in the Huron forest to accommodate the Kirtland's. The birds now have plenty of nesting sites in the young groves.

That wildfire is a creative, not destructive, force appears to have been obvious to primitive men. Archaeological evidence indicates that early hunting and food-gathering tribes not only survived in but sought out fire-vulnerable areas. More than likely they looked forward to big fires as they did to the rainy season and for much the same reason. After fires, tender, edible plants appeared. Fire kept the browsing lands open for the herbivores on which men preyed. It burned out the underbrush, making it easier for men to travel and hunt. After they came to understand the beneficial effects of fire, men began to practice intentional—if not controlled—burning. It was the custom of many North American Indians to leave their fires burning when they left their camps. They did so not because of savage sloth and indifference, as the whites who met them sometimes claimed, but because they apparently—and rightly—reasoned that fire was good for them and the countryside. The Appalachian Balds, magnificent highland prairies in the Eastern mountains, were created by Indians who generation after generation burned off the knobs for the sake of better hunting and easier living. (The Balds, one of the more scenic parts of the Appalachians, are now in danger of disappearing because of our anti-fire attitudes.)

In California the open glade and grove parklands of the Sierras that so impressed the first mountain men were created by Indian land managers using fire as their tool. John Muir was among the earliest to note that the beauty and vigor of the Sierra flora was a product

continued

Studying To Play the Part

Like many other rich, famous folks, Smokey is treated respectfully and with an air of high seriousness by his associates. For example, a while back at a National Smokey Bear Workshop, a three-day affair held in Atlantic City, James Ricard, fire prevention officer of the state of New Hampshire, gave a presentation on what is expected of anyone who appears in public, in costume, as Smokey. He suggested a number of things, among them:

"Take time to have Smokey properly introduced. This is a very important job that should be handled by an assistant and paves the way to a good, well-received Smokey program.

"Speak plainly and loud enough to be heard by everyone present. It helps to keep your face well up front in the Smokey head—you will find it easier to speak and breathe. It's a lot cooler, too.

"Oftentimes children and adults want to know your name and where you live. My answer has always been: 'My name is Smokey, I live in the wooded hills.' If they still insist, ask them to drop Smokey a note at your home office.

"Costumes shall not be used unless they are clean, complete and in good repair. The blouse should be dry-cleaned. Pants may be laundered. Costumes should be kept under cover before and after use. Smokey's head tucked under a forest officer's arm is a shocking sight to a child and is not to be tolerated. Clowning, horseplay and wisecracks have no place in a Smokey presentation.

"The use of alcoholic beverages by Smokey is out just before or anytime during an appearance.

"Wear rugged, not shiny, shoes, have a shovel for all outdoor shows. Invite children and others to come to you. Never force yourself as Smokey on children or other timid people. If children or others appear frightened, turn away and talk or shake hands with someone else.

"If at all possible try to have a guide or assistant protect you from the dangers of wires, pits, potholes, cars, scooters, carts, very small children, teen-agers, drunks and practical jokers. The guide can do the most effective job by walking ahead and slightly to the side. This enables Smokey to see where he is going and, at the same time, he is better able to hear any directions the guide may wish to give. The assistant, while in the above-mentioned position, has an excellent view and can protect Smokey from the rear. An all-out effort should be made to prohibit anyone from the area directly behind Smokey, particularly in large crowds.

"Never permit anyone to lead you by the hand or otherwise; Smokey leads—others may guide. Remember that you are Smokey the Forest Fire Prevention Bear—the star always."



of human incendiarism. In 1963 another naturalist, A. Starker Leopold, pointed out the results of protecting this once parklike scene in the Sierra for three-quarters of a century from the "ravages of fire": "Much of the west slope is a dog hair thicket of young pine, white fir, incense cedar and mature brush—a direct function of overprotection from natural ground fires. Within the national parks the thickets are even more impenetrable than elsewhere."

As with so many other primitive (but on the whole sensible) attitudes, man lost his easy tolerance of fire when he became a sedentary property owner. It is something less than a calamity to have a brush hut, which you can replace in a day or two and which you did not plan to live in very long anyway, go up in flames. It is quite another thing to lose a farm or ranch that you have mortgaged your life to possess or a stand of timber from which you hope to make a fortune.

Being a people with an especially high regard for accumulating and protecting property, Americans traditionally have had violent anti-fire feelings. The pioneers' first exposure to forest blazes in the northeast section of the continent helped to formalize these feelings. Ground fires do not ignite easily or regularly in moist northern woods which may go decades, even half a century, without a major fire. During this time dead wood accumulates. Then there comes a dry season or two in which the trash becomes tinder. When the inevitable fire does erupt in a northern forest it is apt to be big, hot and tenacious, cleaning off a lot of country in a short time and allowing the woodland cycle to recommence. All of which is natural but temporarily hard on many creatures, particularly property-owning ones who are concerned with short-term processes. These formidable fires occurred in cycles throughout the history of the northeastern forests but, after the Europeans arrived, they flared with greater frequency. Our cut-and-run logging practice created combustible brush and sawdust far more rapidly than did the forest left to its own devices. Furthermore there were a lot more people living, working, cooking and warming themselves in the woods, and thus a great many new sources of fire.

During the latter half of the 19th century, when the logging boom was at its peak, a series of horrendous fires ripped through Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, some of them burning up a million acres at a time. These holocausts scared the general public, property owners and foresters. In consequence, it became an article of absolute faith within the forestry profession, then being established, that the first job was to fight fire. For a time this no-burn policy seemed not only to make good sense in terms of property protection but also to be biologically justifiable. The dank, damp northern woods were naturally

continued



The Official Tournament of Champions Golf Shoe. White. Cool. And comfortable like you wouldn't believe. All-white wing tips. Simulated alligator in genuine carefree Corfam®. About $50. Other Etonic shoes from about $19.00. Available only at professional golf shops. Charles A. Eaton Co., Brockton, Mass. 02403

THE BEST BALL I HAVE EVER PLAYED ... By Ben Hogan



I would like to ask you to buy three of my golf balls and play 18 holes with them

I am convinced you will find they will outperform any golf ball you may now be using!

Why am t so sure?

Because we have exhaustively researched golf ball materials aerodynamics and flight characteristics dimple patterns centers windings and every other element that goes into a ball in our own golf ball plant to develop a ball that I will personally be satisfied with

These are the qualities that I require in the golf balls I play

- They must have a high degree of uniformity of compression
- Consistently deliver long distance
- Have tight dispersion patterns
- Must be brilliant white
- Must be perfectly round
- Must give a solid click when hit
- Must have a good feel

Our present Apex Series golf ball has all of these qualities to a superior degree and it is the best *all-around* performance golf ball I have ever played!

Why not make your own 18 hole test?

I know you ll enjoy playing with my Apex Series Ball

Ben Hogan

AMF
Ben Hogan

Can life begin at 40?

Back in the days when the blues were young and a long distance call was a shout, a great ungainly pen was America's best seller. Big Red, the Parker Duofold, was king for a decade. Suddenly, in a cloud of nostalgia, he's back. Sure, he now writes with a soft tip or a ball point. Comes with either pocket clip or ribbon. Fills and refills by cartridge in four vivid colors. But he's unmistakably Big Red. A great one then. A great gift idea now at only $5. Who says they never come back!

PARKER
World's most wanted pens

Big Red writes again



© 1981 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN U.S.A.

adapted to long fire cycles and, as desert plants can endure long droughts, they survived for years with no visible ill effects despite the lack of fire.

But the forests of this country are large and varied, and many, particularly in the South and West, had much different requirements. These woodlands, being drier and containing more fire species, required regular, even annual exposure to small ground fires. Southern woodsmen knew from experience that fire was good for their forests, no matter what the Yankee silviculturists claimed, and following the practice of the Indians they burned their lands each winter. This struck the northern woodsmen who had come to dominate the forestry profession and schools as being another manifestation of the backward and slovenly character of the Southern cracker. When the Forest Service was organized early in this century, the feds sent in modern foresters to occupy the Southern woods and they promptly put a stop to fire of all sorts.

As has been elsewhere noted, the South tends to be a rebellious region in many ways. As early as World War I, a few Southern foresters and timber-company technicians—not more than a dozen men in all—began the study of what is now known as fire ecology. Their motivation was practical and commercial. They knew their forests were going to hell under "scientific" Northern management. They suspected that the no-fire policy was an important factor in the decline and wanted to accumulate proof supporting their suspicions. Eventually they were able to demonstrate among other things that fire, if allowed to burn regularly and naturally, does not kill or maim fire-adapted forests; rather it improves their vigor by thinning and pruning them, and it does not impoverish the soil as was popularly assumed. Actually fire adds to the nutrients. Cattle and many species of wildlife feed better and gain more weight when foraging on burned-over land than on range that is protected from fire.

Finally, the absence of regular fire creates an unnatural fire hazard. If, among species that are adapted to periodic burnings, small fires are prevented, the dry litter accumulates rapidly and makes inevitable a large, hot fire which the Southern and Western forests cannot tolerate and from which they recover slowly or not at all. The longer a forest goes unburned, even in the Northeast, the more devastating the blaze will be when it eventually comes. It is cheaper and safer for men to start fires when and where it suits the land than to wait for them to occur accidentally. So the Southern foresters began using controlled burning as a land management tool.

About the same time another pioneer investigator, Ornithologist H. L. Stoddard, was working in Southern piney woods where, though starting from a different point of interest, he arrived at much the same conclusion. Stoddard came south in 1924 at the request of some estate owners in Florida and Georgia. He was asked to find out what was happening to the bobwhite quail, the shooting of which on big plantations in the area had become a ritualized ceremony on the order of the Japanese tea service. Stoddard worked for seven years on the problem. In 1931 he published a natural history classic, *The Bob White Quail*. He declared the quail was in trouble, principally because fire had been too long and successfully kept out of the woods. Without fire, the glades in which the quail normally foraged and nested had grown up in scrub that was at best a marginal habitat for the birds. Among Stoddard's patrons was Henry Beadel, a New York architect, who became so interested in the ornithologist's work that on his death he left his plantation, Tall Timbers, and an endowment to further the study of fire ecology. Located 20 miles north of Tallahassee, the Tall Timbers Research Station is now directed by two brothers, Ed and Roy Komarek, who began working with Stoddard and Beadel in the 1930s. The station and the Komareks try to spread the good word about fire and to combat misinformation on the subject.

There is a kind of pugnacious missionary zeal about the Komarek brothers and other pioneer fire researchers. This is not surprising since most of them are veterans of bitter professional wars in which, against the opposition of the forestry Establishment, particularly the Forest Service, they have sought to make their findings known and gain respectability for fire ecology. S. W. Greene, one of the most influential of the early fire ecologists, was drummed out of the Department of Agriculture for daring to suggest in the 1920s that fire was

continued

© Lorillard 1972

Micronite filter.
Mild, smooth taste.
For all the right reasons.
Kent.



America's quality cigarette.
King Size or Deluxe 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine;
100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71.

The Spalding Top-Flite® is absolutely the longest legal ball you can play.



Here's proof:

This was no isolated lab test. This was the Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute conducting a bona fide face-off between our new, unique two-piece Top-Flite and seven other leading balls that dominate the top grade professional golf ball market: Top-Flite vs. Titleist, Wilson Staff, Royal Plus 6, Maxfli, Faultless, Hogan Apex and our own Dot. Sixteen top touring and club pros hit each brand the same number of *times using their own woods and* irons. The Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute measured, recorded and tabulated every single hit. *The results are conclusive: off the tee, the Spalding Top-Flite was over 10 yards longer than the next longest ball. Off the irons, Top-Flite was nearly 12 yards longer.* The reason our revolutionary Top-Flite goes farther is really quite simple: its unique, two-piece construction puts more weight to the outside so it gets more carry out of its own momentum. Another plus: its super-tough Gyrolon® cover will give you more rounds. The new Spalding Top-Flite golf ball may just be the single most important contribution to the modern game.







Results from the Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute Inc test conducted Jan 18 19 20, 1972 Tucson, Arizona

Category	Top-Flite Avg Yards	Leading Competitive Balls Tested Average Yards A	B	C	D	E	F	G	Avg Yards for all balls te ted
Woods Carry	235 8	224.5	217 0	227.2	221.0	215.1	227 1	229.6	224 7
Woods Total Distance	261.6	244.1	239 0	246.7	242.4	235 7	248.7	251.2	246.5
Irons Carry	179.4	170.3	169.8	172.8	167 8	163.5	171 7	170.0	170.6
Irons Total Distance	194 2	179.1	179.2	182 4	177.5	173.7	180 8	178.8	180 7

Summary of test available from Spalding on request

SPALDING



A DIVISION OF QUESTOR Spalding Chicopee Mass 01014

Available only through golf professional shops.

good for rangeland. Ed Komarek, while engaged in experimental burning on private land, was threatened with arrest by a forester.

The feud spilled over into other land-management agencies. "I got involved not so much because I suddenly became aware of the value of fire, but because I got a chance to see what an unfortunate effect unnecessary fire fighting can have on a natural area," recalls Lyle McDowell, now head of operations for the National Park Service. "In the early '50s I was stationed in the Everglades in charge of fire control in the eastern section of the park. I was under the supervision of an oldtime forester who had spent his life fighting and, I guess, hating fires. In the pine lands of the eastern section our standing orders were, once we got word of a fire, to call for the bulldozers, cut fire lines around it and put it out as soon as we could. I was flying over the area one day and was suddenly struck by how much it was beginning to look like a construction job, mile after mile of bulldozer trails. I got to thinking that if we went on protecting the park against fire in this way much longer we were going to level it.

"I began reading everything I could find on fire ecology and decided fire would probably be good for the pines, that controlled burning at the proper time of year was the cheapest and least objectionable way of managing that land. I took my plan to the forester, who listened until I finished and then said, 'You've read a lot of books, but let me tell you something. As long as I am here nobody is going to start any fires on this land.' That was more or less that."

Time and bureaucratic evolution have vindicated McDowell. Controlled burning is now routinely used in the Everglades and other parks. Today, with McDowell as a prime mover, the park system is considered to be the most progressive land agency as far as fire policy is concerned. In California, where among other things the NPS is charged with caring for the Sequoias, fire is being used to save and restore the groves from the unnatural effects of 40 years of fire suppression.

Even more shockingly, from the standpoint of old fire fighters, the Park Service has gone a step beyond controlled burning and is looking with a kind eye

continued

© 1972 MEMOREX CORPORATION SANTA CLARA, CALIFORNIA 95052



You're looking at part of the Memorex Cassette Tape story.

The rest you have to listen to.

Memorex Cassette Recording Tape can reproduce a pitch that shatters glass. And that proves we can record and play back with exacting precision.

But, it doesn't tell you we've improved signal-to-noise ratio. Or that we've increased high frequency response and sensitivity over the tape you're probably using now.

For that part of our story, you'll just have to listen to what happens when you record and play back your favorite music with our cassette tape.

And that's just what we hope you do.



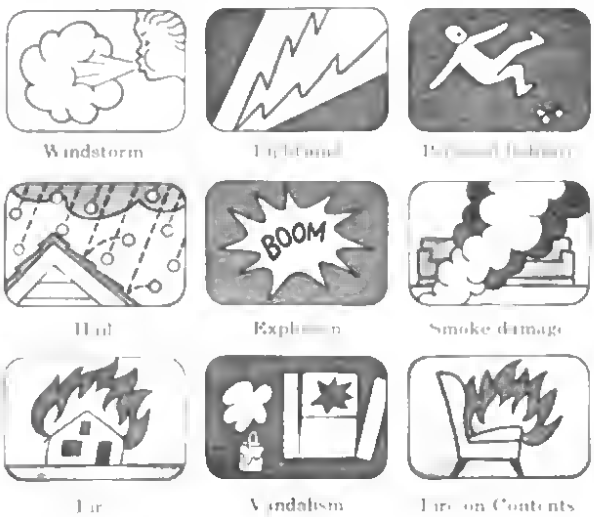
MEMOREX Recording Tape
Reproduction so true it can shatter glass.


Allstate can't
But we can sure

keep him away.
help replace what he takes.

Allstate Homeowners Insurance gives you more protection at less cost than similar policies from many other companies.

We not only protect your home against loss from robbery . . . but many other hazards, such as . . .



Allstate
You're in good hands.

Available in most states. Standard rates in Texas.

Latest U.S. Government figures show
PALL MALL MENTHOL 100's
lower in 'tar' than the best-selling menthol king!



Yes, longer...yet milder

PALL MALL MENTHOL 100's. ."tar" 18 mg.—nicotine, 1.3 mg.
Best-selling menthol king....."tar" 19 mg.—nicotine, 1.4 mg
Of all brands, lowest."tar" 1 mg.—nicotine, 0.1 mg.

18 mg "tar" 1.3 mg nicotine av per cigarette, FTC Report APRIL '72

on wildfires, allowing them to burn unchecked in some places. The Bureau of Land Management, the largest of all the federal land agencies, is following the same policy in portions of its vast Alaska holdings, where it was concluded that fire fighting the old way was intolerably expensive and that the lack of fire was again having an adverse effect on the moose, deer and bear populations.

In all of this the Forest Service, popularly assumed to be *the* woods and fire outfit, has tended to be a follower, not a leader. The Forest Service now "treats" (uses controlled burning on) about half a million acres a year. Service critics, of which there are many, point out that much of this burning is not done in the interests of better management of living forests, but as a way of disposing of trash that results when sizable tracts are clear cut (totally logged). So far as wildfires are concerned, the Service has yet to admit that it has ever done less than *its best to put out a forest fire.* Largely because of the agitation of Bill Beaufait and other Missoula researchers, for the first time a few "nonsuppression zones" are being considered on an experimental basis in the Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness Area of northern Idaho.

Various explanations have been advanced by outsiders for the Forest Service's timidity, if not hostility, toward fire. One theory has it that fire fighting has become a big business within the agency. Around 25% of the Service's operating budget is spent on putting out wildfires. Not only do a lot of Service jobs depend on dousing fires, but a lot of suppliers make a lot of money selling equipment for this purpose. These suppliers, it is claimed, tend to influence Service policy as munitions makers are said to influence that of the Pentagon.

Another possible explanation is that the Forest Service, until recently, has considered itself a caretaker of natural resources, not an environmental agency. It is property-conscious and views a forest not as a biological community but as so many board feet of lumber; therefore it regards fire as a thief.

There is a third theory. Never particularly forward about opposing lumbermen, miners and ranchers who use the national forests—in fact often acting as if it were their agent—the Forest Service has tended to use fire as a con-

venient scapegoat to cover up exploitative atrocities and scandals.

The most common—and on the surface most plausible—explanation is simply that Government foresters have so long and devoutly believed fire to be bad and fought it so hard that recanting the creed now is emotionally, intellectually and administratively difficult. Generally, fire ecologists describe this almost inbred anti-fire bias as the Smokey the Bear attitude.

"Smokey Bear represents . . . a formidable obstacle in the pursuit and public acceptance of demonstrably sound conservation attitudes and policies," wrote Eldon Bowman in *American Forests*. "If static symbols cannot accommodate a growing science perhaps these symbols should be eliminated." Bowman suggested that if Smokey were to be kept around he might better pose for a poster "depicting animals suffering from *malnutrition* against a background of dense forest tangle with a rib-thin Smokey saying, 'Please, folks—let the fires go. We need them so we can live.'"

Ed Komarek, the Tall Timbers firebrand, is even more outspoken and has suggested that a false-advertising suit against Smokey is possibly in order. "The bear is a creation of the advertising industry and public-relations men," he says. "They have used him for a quarter of a century to conduct an expensive campaign, the effect, if not purpose, of which has been to promote ecological nonsense."

Whether Komarek's analysis of Smokey's impact is true or not, his comments on the bear's genesis are substantially correct. Smokey is a creature of the product conference, not the deep woods. Flack types have always controlled his destiny. Smokey came into being in August 1944 as the brainchild of Young and Rubicam and other ad boys on the War Advertising Council. They were noodling around for a fire-prevention gimmick. (One of their earlier slogans was CARELESS MATCHES AID THE AXIS, which neatly tied together two known evils.) Originally the think tankers wanted to match Bambi against fire, but Walt Disney was sticky about permissions. Then they thought about a squirrel but decided rodents did not have enough zing. Finally they ran a bear up the flagpole and found that it flapped. Artist Albert Staehle, who had

continued

Latest U.S. Government figures show

PALL MALL GOLD 100's

lower in 'tar' than the best-selling filter king!



Yes, longer...yet milder



PALL MALL GOLD 100's..."tar" 18 mg.—nicotine, 1.3 mg.
Best-selling filter king....."tar" 20 mg.—nicotine, 1.4 mg.
Of all brands, lowest....."tar" 1 mg.—nicotine, 0.1 mg.
18 mg. "tar" 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APRIL '72.

Tretorn on your heel means more comfort on the court.



Pillow soft and crafted of supple leather Bancroft/Tretorn Tennis Shoes are unbelievably comfortable and good-looking

Between you and shock is a thick full innersole Lateral vents keep you cool Through-the-tongue lacing keeps the tongue where it belongs Tongue is padded for snug comfortable fit

And instead of rubber, the shoe has a cellular-foamed sole Which makes Tretorns as much as 25% lighter than many sneakers Grips tight for traction, too, without picking up court dressing

For sheer comfort and good looks, Tretorn can't be matched Also in canvas In men's and women's sizes at better sporting goods shops and shoe stores everywhere Bancroft Sporting Goods Co., Bancroft Court, Woonsocket, R I 02895

Bancroft TRETORN

WEATHERADIO®

FOR MEN WHO NEED INSTANT WEATHER INFO



15.95 *Great Gift Idea!*

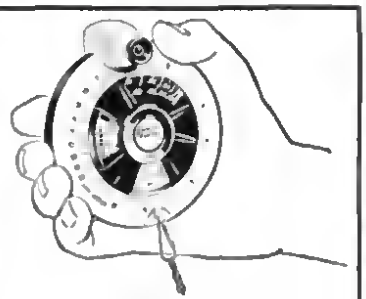
Unique 3" Square "Talking Barometer"

Hear 24-hour Gov't weathercasts on VHF with a desk radio that's battery powered, pre-set for automatic listening. Part of our Realistic line. At over 1400 stores —we're in the phone book.

Ask for FREE Catalog!

Radio Shack®

2725 W. 7th St. Ft. Worth, Texas 76107



GOLFERS, YACHTSMEN, HUNTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS...DETERMINE DISTANCES QUICKLY & ACCURATELY WITH

ranger

You can measure distances from just a few inches to almost as far as the eye can see , quickly and accurately Photographers use it for perfect focus, golfers to select the right club, yachtsmen to plot precise chart positions Excellent for measuring rough terrain May even be used to measure variations in the moon's orbit This precision optical instrument was developed by Dr Luis Alvarez of the University of California Extremely useful and simple to use Direct readings in miles, yards, or any other unit.

☐ Send me the Ranger $24.50
☐ Send me belt-looped vinyl case $1.95

My check for the above, plus $1 post & insurance is enclosed Calif add sales tax. Return in two weeks if not delighted SI0612

Name_____

Address_____

_____ Zip_____

584 Washington St San Francisco, 94111 (415) 981-5688 **haverhill's**

SMOKEY

continued

made his reputation drawing cocker spaniels on *Saturday Evening Post* covers, was commissioned to depict a bear. Implicit instructions were given as to the kind of bear. He was, according to Forest Service annals, to be a characterization with a short nose (Panda style), brown or black fur, with an appealing expression, a knowledgeable but quizzical look, perhaps wearing a campaign hat, which at the time typified the outdoors and the woods. The artist was warned to avoid simulating bears used in Boy Scout publications.

The resulting creation served for several years, but was not judged to be exactly the right bear. In 1948 the awkward, clumsy, almost comical Staehle bear was given a facelifting by Rudolph Wendelin, a Forest Service artist, and emerged as a "more mature characterization, inspiring trust and affection." In 1950 a bear cub was found in the wake of a New Mexico forest fire and as a reward was brought to Washington, caged up in the National Zoo as the "living" Smokey. In 1952 the Smokey symbol was in effect copyrighted by an act of Congress. Since then Smokey has become probably the world's best-known bear, certainly no worse than fourth behind Goldilocks' reluctant hosts.

In 1968 a 192-page report, "Public Image of and Attitudes Toward Smokey the Bear and Forest Fires," the result of a poll by a Los Angeles opinion-surveying firm, was released by the Forest Service. Among many other things, it disclosed that Smokey was the favorite symbol of 40% of the grade school children interviewed, Pinocchio being a distant second with 27% and the Jolly Green Giant trailing badly with 6%. In teen-age circles Smokey was judged against a different set of opponents but still came out on top, drubbing the Quaker Oats man 34-26. Oddly, in the adult class Smokey's margin was even greater, though he appears to have won by default. Among the big people, 30% liked Smokey the most, trailing far behind, symbol-wise, was the Bell System, Quaker Oats man, TB Seal, Jolly Green Giant and Gold Medallion Homes, all of which polled between a disgraceful 3 and 5%. In retrospect it seems unfortunate that the pollsters did not match Smokey, at least in the open class, against some of his peers, say the Chicago Bears or even the Playboy Bunny.

continued



Lew Thunen's "Got-my-claim-paid-in-21-hours" smile.

At Safeco, we have a standing goal to make payment in full within five working days from the time our adjuster gets your claim

We usually succeed

And often we do even better—as we did in this case with Lew Thunen who holds policy #S 150607

So you can see why 95 6% of the people who have made claims with us are happy with the settlement And that s a fact

Safeco Insurance On your car, home, health, boat business, life and everything else you value Your Safeco agent is ready to help He's in the Yellow Pages. Why not phone him today?

SAFECO INSURANCE

Smile, you're with Safeco

Smokey is a very rich bear. Since 1952 he has earned some $900,000 by letting toy and novelty manufacturers use his name and image. Furthermore, he gets a lot of expensive, if intangible, gifts, including in 1971 three billion television impressions and three million lines of free ink in newspapers. In all, it is calculated that Smokey picked up $31,610,000 worth of gratis advertising last year.

It naturally irritates Mal Hardy, Smokey's manager, that despite his star's wealth and undeniable popularity, people like Beaufait, Bowman, the Komareks and many others are bad-mouthing the bear as a simple-minded and funky animal. "Their arguments strike me as being mainly emotional," he says. "Some people are so concerned with so-called scientific expertise that they suffer from tunnel vision. They forget broader and more practical considerations. No matter what the advantages of controlled burning, and I think there are many, even if we do let wildfires burn in certain wilderness areas, the accidental fire that destroys property and wildlife is a disaster. I don't think any practical purpose is served by giving the public the notion that it is good to start fires casually or ignore them once they are burning. Smokey's job is specific, to help prevent fires caused by human ignorance or carelessness. We like to think he has been successful at this."

That the Bear has done what Hardy says he is supposed to do is generally assumed to be true. But a report of the Cooperative Forest Fire Prevention Program, published in April 1971, notes that there were more man-caused fires on Forest Service lands in 1970 than in any year since 1942.

"It is a vicious circle," says Ed Komarek. "We have millions of acres in which small fires should have been burning regularly. But we have suppressed fire for so long that dry, combustible forest fuel has built up to the point where now any fire is apt to be a major one if we don't control it. No matter how they cut that Smokey Bear baloney, the impression it has helped to create is that fire is an enemy of man. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that nobody benefits in the long run from misinformation. Because of the way we live, the way we use and misuse the land, the numbers of us, there are going to be places and times when we have to try to prevent and suppress fire. We should not fool ourselves into thinking that when we do we are protecting anything but our property and immediate self-interest. Fire prevention and control is another form of environmental tinkering, like building dams, poisoning predators and draining wetlands.

"If anything, the past 50 years should have taught us that the less we tinker with nature the better off we are. I see no advantage in permitting a cartoon bear to brainwash us into thinking that a natural process is bad." END

Get 3 Faultless Golf Balls for $1.35
(and any two V-8 labels)

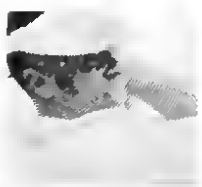
Now you can play with a "no-cut" solid core Faultless ball recommended by Jerry Heard, Bob Shaw, Lee Elder and Lee Trevino, the 1971 winner of the U.S., Canadian and British Open.

And when you've trimmed a few strokes off your game . . . toast yourself with V-8. That great tasting blend of 8 garden vegetables. It sure doesn't taste like tomato juice.


Lee Trevino

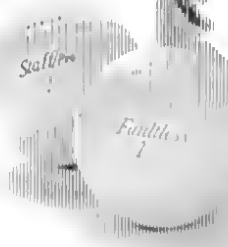

Bob Shaw


Jerry Heard


Lee Elder







Here are two V-8 labels (any size) and $1.35 for each set of 3 Faultless Golf Balls ($3.00 value)
Please send_____sets of 3.

Here are two V-8 labels (any size) and $4.95 for each set of 12 Faultless Golf Balls. ($12.00 value)
Please send_____dozen.

Name:_____

Address:_____

City:_____State._____Zip:_____

NOTE: Send check or money order, no cash. Offer expires October 31, 1972. Please allow 6 weeks for delivery. Offer good only in U.S.A. void if taxed, restricted or forbidden by law.

Send completed coupon to
V-8 Pro Power
P.O. Box 697
Maple Plain, Minn. 55359

"V-8" is a trademark of Campbell Soup Company

Seagram's V.O.
For people who do everything just right.

They seem to do everything. And they do it right. Even when it comes to having a drink. It has to be Seagram's V.O. Very special. Very Canadian. Very right. Known by the company it keeps.

Seagram's VO Canadian





CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES, 6 YEARS OLD, 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

The Los Angeles Expressway Gate D12

At Continental Airlines we take a good deal of pride in being the leader in having made life easier and better for business travelers. But we've never been prouder than we are of our latest innovation, the Los Angeles Expressway. It's a whole new approach to traveling between Chicago and Los Angeles. Our thinking is this. as an important businessman you've got more important things to worry about than your ticket, your gate number, your bags, your seat and your diet. Try it once and you'll never go back to ordinary flying again.

Just look for the Expressway signs **Expressway Check-in**: At the curb Expressway Green baggage tags mean special handling **Expressway Ticketing**: Our Director of Passenger Service will ticket you on board if you arrive at the last minute **Expressway Valet**: Exclusive Expressway space for garment bags and hand luggage on our DC-10s and 747s **Expressway Doubles**: Twice as big — at the regular cocktail price in Coach and Economy **Expressway Planes**: In just a few weeks most all planes on the Los Angeles Expressway will be DC-10s and 747s. That means more room, more quiet, more relaxation. Plus our famous Polynesian Pub for Coach passengers **Expressway Innovations**: We're going to keep improving the Los Angeles Expressway. We'll be trying out wine-tasting flights, make-your-own-sandwich flights, new entrees. Special menus for kids Anything that makes it better for you For information and reservations call your travel agent or Continental at 686-6500.

The Los Angeles Expressway only on

CONTINENTAL AIRLINES

The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail

Expressway non-stops to Los Angeles

Leave	Arrive	Equipment
9:00 am	11:03 am	747
11:00 am	1:00 pm	DC-10*
2:30 pm	4:33 pm	747
6:00 pm	8:00 pm	DC-10*
7:55 pm	9:50 pm to Ontario	707
9:00 pm	10:55 pm	DC-10

*707 until 7/1/72

Note all flights subject to change

"Ain't it time you did something nice for the wife and kids? Get them a Dodge Charger."



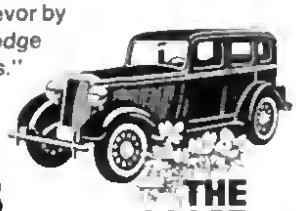


1972 DODGE CHARGER

"They don't went to be seen driving around in any family cer thet looks like a shoebox. They want to be seen with e guy who looks like e big shooter, who drives the best-looking femily car in town. Dodge Charger. Charger's got the room and feetures the wife and kids'll love. And it's got styling you'll love.

"Charger's got torsion-bar suspension thet gives you sure handling end firm control. It's built strong end tight with Unibody construction. And it's got a huge list of stendard end optionel equipment.

"Do your wife and kids a fevor by doing yourself one—buy a Dodge Charger from one of my Boys."



THE CHICAGOLAND DODGE BOYS WANT TO TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE.

THE DODGE BOYS

Spoil Dad

(And yourself, too)



Father's Day is June 18.
A good day to
spoil someone
you like.

Pinch 12 year old Scotch

About $10

What chance do you have without four years of college?



A darn good chance.

It may come as a surprise to you, but you don't need four years of college to have a college man's career. Today there's a crying need for technicians.

Technicians work in exciting fields like Civil Engineering. Health Services. Electronic Data Processing. Mechanical Design. Environmental Control. Forestry, and many others.

Technicians earn *twice* the salary of the average high school graduate. Some even make more than four-year college graduates.

But you don't need four years of college. All it takes is a year or two of technical training.

To find out how you can become a technician, send for our free booklet shown above. Write: Careers, Washington, D.C. 20202.



Are you handling your load, or is it handling you?

If you equip your car with Delco Pleasur-lifts, there's no question about it.

Because Pleasur-lifts will help keep your car at a level attitude, even with heavy loads in the rear. Pleasur-lifts are the air adjustable shock absorbers from Delco. They allow you to control the height of your car's rear bumper. They help keep your headlights aimed level, too. Even if you're towing a trailer.

From a single easy-to-reach fitting in the trunk of your car, you control the pressure in a special chamber in both Pleasur-lifts. Pump them up to meet a load, let them down for normal driving. Quick and simple. And you're in charge.

To really know the advantages, you'll have to try it.

So we make you this offer.

Get a set of Pleasur-lifts from a participating Delco dealer and drive on them for 90 days. If you're not satisfied, you can have your money and your old ride back.

The more you know, the more you'll want Delco.

Your Delco dealer has Pleasur-lifts to fit most cars. He can also show you a special attachment that allows you to operate the Pleasur-lifts from your dash—even while the car is moving.

Put Delco Pleasur-lifts on your car, and show that load who's boss.

Delco GM

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 30-June 5

GOLF—In the first all-English final in seven years TREVOR HOMER, a 28-year-old businessman, defeated 43 year-old Alan Thirlwell 4 and 3 to win the British Amateur championship in Sandwich, England.

DOUG SANDERS shot a final-round 68 for a 275 total to win the $175,000 Kemper Open in Charlotte, N.C., by one stroke over Lee Trevino.

HARNESS RACING—ALBATROSS, driven by Stanley Dancer, became only the third pacer in history to sweep the Founder's Plate series when he won the $91,000 Realization Pace at Roosevelt Raceway by 1¼ lengths over H. T. Luca. Albatross' time of 2:06 set a world record for a 1¼-mile pace on a half-mile track.

HORSE RACING—EXECUTIONER ($34.80), Eddie Belmonte up, won the $118,200 Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont (*page 72*), the first leg of the Handicap Triple Crown, by a neck over favored Bold Reasoning as Canonero II, the 1971 Kentucky Derby winner, finished eighth in the 11-horse field.

Rokeby Stable's KEY TO THE MINT ($5.40) won the $59,000 Withers Stakes at Belmont, a prep for this week's Belmont Stakes, by a length over Icecapade, while No Le Hace, second in both the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, came in sixth.

RUN THE GANTLET ($6.40), Grass Horse of the Year in 1971, took the $56,000 Bowling Green Handicap at Belmont by 3½ lengths over Kling Kling for his first win this season in four starts.

DROLL ROLE ($8.60) won the $118,280 Hawthorne Gold Cup at Hawthorne, beating favorite *Good Counsel by three quarters of a length.*

SMILING JACK ($11) gained a seven-length victory over Second Bar in the $137,200 Jersey Derby at Garden State. Favorite Upper Case, Rica Ridge's stablemate, finished seventh.

CONVENIENCE ($25.20) set a stakes record of 1:47[3/5] in winning the 1⅛-mile $105,900 Vanity Handicap at Hollywood Park by half a length over favored Typecast.

LACROSSE—VIRGINIA upset Johns Hopkins 13-12 in the finals of the NCAA championships in College Park, Md. on Pete Eldredge's fourth goal of the game with 4:11 remaining (*page 26*).

MOTOR SPORTS—EMERSON FITTIPALDI of Brazil averaging 113.35 mph in his JPS Lotus won the Belgium Grand Prix in Nivelles, Belgium as Francois Cevert finished second and Denis Hulme third. The win boosted Fittipaldi's lead in the Formula I world driving championship to nine points over Hulme.

ROWING—PENN led all the way in winning the heavyweight eight title by about a boat length over surprising Brown at the IRA championships on Syracuse's Onondaga Lake (*page 24*).

SOCCER—AJAX of Amsterdam retained the European Champions Cup, defeating Inter of Milan 2-0 on Johan Cruyff's two goals in the finals in Rotterdam.

TENNIS—BILLIE JEAN KING defeated Australia's Evonne Goolagong 6-3, 6-3 to win the French Open women's singles championship in Paris for the first time. In six previous tries Mrs. King had not lasted beyond the quarterfinal round. In the men's singles, ANDRES GIMENO of Spain beat France's Patrick Proisy 4-6, 6-3, 6-1, 6-1.

TRACK & FIELD—UCLA, led by JOHN SMITH, who set a meet record 44.5 in the 400-meter dash and anchored the winning mile-relay team, defeated Southern Cal 82-49 to win the team title at the NCAA championships in Eugene, Ore. (*page 84*). Other outstanding performances were turned in by BRUCE COLLINS of Penn in the 400-meter hurdles (49.1, equaling the second fastest in the world this year), JOE LUCAS of Georgetown in the 3,000-meter steeplechase (8:30.2, third best in the world this year), DAVE WOTTLE of Bowling Green in the 1,500-meter run (3:39.7, also third best), TOM WOODS of Oregon State in the high jump (7' 3¼", best in the world this year), JOHN HALBERSTADT of Oklahoma State in the 10,000-meter run (28:50.4), AL SCHOTTERMAN of Kent State in the hammer throw (231' 3") RON EVANS of Connecticut in the *decathlon (7,571 points), and* STEVE PREFONTAINE of Oregon, who gained his third NCAA title in winning the 5,000-meter run in 13:31.4. All the above are meet records except for Collins' time in the hurdles.

GEORGE WOODS of the Pacific Coast Club put the shot 70' 1¾" at the Compton Invitational in the L.A. Coliseum, giving him the second-best heave in the world this season. He became only the third man in history to exceed 70 feet.

MILESPOSTS—HIRED: JOHN QUINN, 64, as general manager of the Philadelphia Phillies after the team dropped 17 of 18 games. Quinn became GM of the Boston Braves in 1945 and helped build three National League pennant winners (1948, 1957, 1958) in his 14 years with the team before taking over the Phils in 1959. Farm Director PALL OWENS, 48, replaced Quinn.

HIRED: Phoenix Sun Coach LOWELL (Cotton) FITZSIMMONS, 40, as coach of the Atlanta Hawks, replacing Richie Guerin, who recently became general manager of the team. Fitzsimmons led the Suns to third-place finishes in the NBA Midwest Division the past two seasons, compiling an overall 97-67 record.

NAMED: As director of player personnel of the Atlanta Braves, IDDIL ROBINSON, 51, the Braves' farm director replacing Paul Richards, who had functioned as general manager the past five years. Richards, who remains with the team as a vice-president, will "evaluate the talent at other major league teams," according to Brave President Bill Bartholomay.

NAMED: As manager of the Milwaukee Brewers, DALE CRANDALL, 42, manager of the Brewers' Evansville (Ind.) farm club, replacing DAVE BRISTOL, 38, who was fired after a 134-189 record in two seasons and a 10-20 start this year. Crandall was an All-Star catcher seven of his 11 years (1953-63) with the old Milwaukee Braves.

NAMED: As general manager of the NBA champion Los Angeles Lakers, PETE NEWELL, 56, succeeding Fred Schaus, who resigned recently to become coach at Purdue. Newell, advisory general manager of the Houston Rockets last season, coached California in 1958-60, leading the Golden Bears to the NCAA championship in 1959.

RENAMED: The former Cincinnati Royals, who will play in Kansas City and Omaha next season, as the KANSAS CITY-OMAHA KINGS. Atlanta's new NHL team, scheduled to start play next season, also received a nickname after a contest that drew 9,414 entries. The team will be called the ATLANTA FLAMES.

RESIGNED: As general manager of the Memphis Pros, the last-place team in the ABA's Western Division last season, BOB VANATTA, 50, to become head basketball coach at Delta State College.

RESIGNED: As commissioner of the ABA, effective at the end of his term in October, JACK DOLPH, 44, "because the merger with the NBA is imminent and Walter Kennedy will be the commissioner of the single expanded league."

DIED: MOE BERG, 70, a catcher who played on five major league teams during his 15-year career (1923, 1926-1939), in Belleville, N.J. The popular Berg, who was better known for his academic achievements (he braved through Columbia Law School and the Sorbonne) and his ability to speak 10 languages fluently, hit only six career home runs and batted .241. "He can speak 10 languages," said one of his teammates, "but he can't hit in any of them."

CREDITS

5—Sheedy & Long; 21—Wide World; Kansas State Black Star; 22, 23—Wide World; 24—John D. Hunger; 26—John Iacono; 62—Peter of Parade; 68—Ted Streshinsky; 72—Tony Triolo; 84, 85—Fred Schwetzer; 107—Jim Anglo; Oklahoma Publishing Co.; Archie Sudbury; Uncredited.

FACES IN THE CROWD



ALLAN VAN NOSTRAND has coached the high school varsity tennis team in Bay Shore, N.Y. to 137 straight wins, including sectional playoffs, over the past seven years. The junior varsity, guided by his brother King, has won 120 matches in a row since early 1964.



KATHY JONES, a sophomore at Baird (Texas) High, won the triple jump (37' 8"), the 60-yard dash (7.1) and the high jump (5' 5"), and placed second by an inch in the long jump to score all of her school's third-place total of 38 points at the state championships.



CURTIS CRAWLEY, 12, of Griffin, Ga., pitched a 27-1 no-hitter in a Little League game, striking out 17 of 19 batters. What's more, he also went 5 for 6 at bat, hitting two doubles and three home runs, including a grand slam, and totaled 11 runs batted in.



CARLIN THOMPSON, a senior at Ada (Okla.) High, won the 220-yard dash (22.2) and the 440 (48.0) for the third straight year and anchored the victorious 440 and mile relay teams in leading his school to its fourth Class 3A state title in a row.



MARK O'GIRDLAMD, a Santa Cruz (Calif.) High senior wrestling in the 123-pound class, won his fourth consecutive Northern California Invitational championship. In four years of varsity wrestling he never lost a match in a dual meet and posted a 148-3-2 record.



DAVE CROSSOALE, a junior at Manchester (N.H.) Memorial High, an All-State halfback in football and an outfielder on last year's state championship baseball team, scored nine hat tricks and led the Crusaders to second place in the state hockey tournament.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE JACOBS' ENTERPRISE

Sirs

I was delighted to see your excellent article revealing the story about the dealings of the Jacobs family and Emprise Corporation (*Look What Louie Wrought*, May 29).

For the past two years I have closely followed Congressman Sam Steiger's efforts to clean up racing, here in Arizona and elsewhere. Perhaps now those who criticized Steiger will praise his relentless search for the truth.

DONALD BERRY

Phoenix

Sirs

Your cover story makes reference to a connection between Emprise and ". . . all the parks and downs in Arizona."

I would like to point out that Arizona Downs and Turf Paradise are not associated with Emprise in any sense, including ownership, concession or services. In the interest of factual reporting, I would appreciate your correcting the wrong impression.

JAMES HERAUVEAUX
President
Arizona Downs

Phoenix

● SI said that two of Arizona's three thoroughbred tracks had been involved with Emprise. Turf Paradise was the exception, and it is the track used by the Arizona Downs Racing Association.—ED.

Sir:

My father, Tommy Richardson, was deeply involved with baseball for the majority of his 75 years, this included a long relationship with Lou Jacobs. If my father were alive today I know he would be shocked and dismayed by the ugly job you did on a fine man.

The charges you leveled at Mr. Jacobs seem spurious and loaded more with implication than with truth. Ordinarily, I might have read the article with some glee, the attitude exposés are written to elicit. However, knowing the man's reputation, I simply refuse to believe the particulars of the case as you presented them. If your article has done nothing else, it has warned me not to accept with perfect credulity anything I read in the press, and especially in your magazine.

Unfortunately, you chose to begrime Lou Jacobs posthumously, so your rumors cannot be verified at firsthand. I feel assured, though, that his dealings were as pristine as possible, under the circumstances.

SHARON RICHARDSON

New York City

Sirs,

John Underwood and Morton Sharnik are to be commended for their excellent exposé on Emprise. It was a journalistic masterpiece.

ERIK BRADY

Kenmore, N.Y.

STANFORD

Sirs,

For the past several years I have tried to explain Stanford to "outsiders" only to receive a courteous, "Yes, I know." However, armed with Ron Fimrite's article (*Disciples of Another Creed*, May 29), which truly captures the spirit of Stanford, my life among the armchair quarterbacks and armchair university presidents will be much easier.

BASIL N. PANARITIOS JR.

Portland, Ore.

Sirs,

I enjoyed Ron Fimrite's article on Stanford, but as a University of Michigan student I hold some reservations. Fimrite casts Michigan as "old-line" and the antithesis of refreshing, new Stanford, partly because of what happened last Jan. 1. He mentions that the victories by Stanford's football team and band are claimed as triumphs of lifestyle. Stanford triumphed, but Michigan's "militaristic" band suffered no defeat, as it most certainly is no less popular.

Despite such things as support for an old-line band, there may be little difference in lifestyle between Stanford and Michigan. The "jock" image of the athlete, campus radicalism, diversity of students, academic quality and freedom, increasing minority enrollment, a large ratio of graduate students and a proud athletic history (*e.g.*, Michigan defeated Stanford 49–0 in the first Rose Bowl game) are all part of Michigan life, too. And since the same abundant similarities that exist between Stanford and Michigan undoubtedly apply to other colleges, maybe Mr. Fimrite credited Stanford, in all its greatness, with a bit too much uniqueness.

RANDALL J. PETRIDES

Flint, Mich.

CLEVELAND'S RISE

Sirs:

It was refreshing to read your article on the Cleveland Indians (*Circle the Wagons, Indian Uprising!* May 22). I have been an Indian fan for years, but I have been fairly quiet about it, until recently. The pitching of Perry, Wilcox and Tidrow may not be as impressive as that of Wynn, Garcia and Lemon of the 1954 Tribe, but the Indians are winning. And that's what counts.

DOUG TARGGART

Concord, Mich.

Sirs

Anyone familiar with Cleveland baseball must have enjoyed Mr. Fimrite's article on the Indians. I doubt the Indians will emerge as the American League champs, but they have given their fans something to cheer about. Thanks to Mr. Nick Mileti and the new breed, the Cleveland Indians not only have a future, they have a bright one.

GARY R. EASTER

Minot, N. Dak.

CABLE TV

Sirs

While being quoted by SI reaches certain heights, being misquoted approaches the epitome. The quote on the prospects of cable television and sports (SCORECARD, May 29) attributed to me properly belongs to Robert Rosencrans, the progressive and dynamic president of Columbia Cable. Let me add that while Mr. Rosencrans and I may disagree on certain aspects of cable and sports—such as whether the karate championship would be worthwhile—we both see benefits to cable, sports and the viewing public in the long run.

PHILIP R. HOCHBERG

Washington

COCKFIGHTING

Sirs

As an avid fan of SI, which I feel is the best magazine in its field, I consider myself obligated to voice my displeasure at the feature story *Out To Make a Killing* (May 22) by Charles Willeford. I am a fervent opponent of its subject, cockfighting. Turning two animals into bitter opponents, outfitting them in battle gear—is this really sport in the American sense of the word? I sincerely think that while 80% of the public may read this story and be moved to take action against cockfighting, the other 20% will be aroused enough to try it. Works of this nature certainly do not belong in a publication of SI's caliber, and I hope others who share my opinion on the sport and the story will make their feelings known.

JUDITH A. BASS

Stoughton, Mass.

Sirs

I do not criticize your decision to publish the article, but I do hope it will serve some useful purpose. Our society today is slowly being destroyed because of the principles and attitudes which are glorified in it. The ultimate goal of cockfighting is simple: making money at all costs. This very same ideal is responsible for inferior consumer goods, the destruction of our environment and, possibly, war.

In order to achieve one's goal in a cock-

continued

Spend a milder moment with Raleigh.

Highest quality tobaccos–specially softened for milder taste.



You'll enjoy a dey in the backwoods more if you teke along an Igloo Cooler Chest like his. You can get one for free Raleigh Coupons, the veluable extra on every pack of Raleigh.

To see over 1000 other precticel and veluable gifts, write for your free Gift Catalog: Box 12, Louisville, Ky. 40201.

Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71

© 1972 BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP

The new low the good



POLAROID

price for time camera.

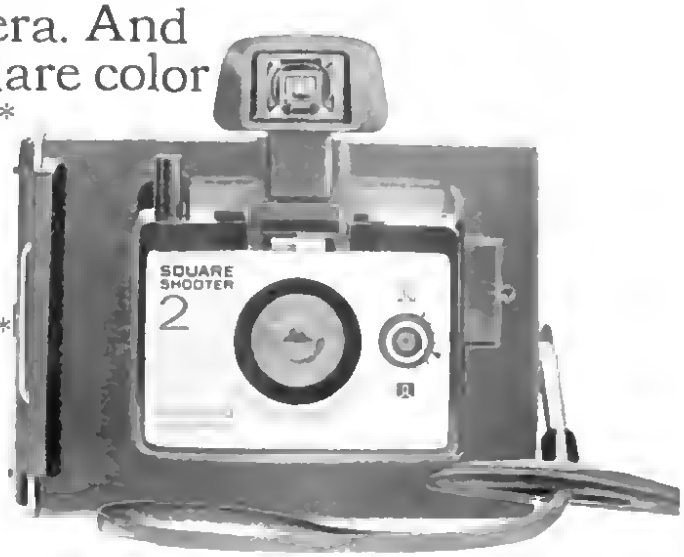
There's no "suggested list price" for a good time. You can't buy one.

But when you find one, only $24.95* will make it even better with Polaroid's on-the-spot color pictures.

This is a brand new model, Polaroid's Square Shooter 2 Land camera. And it uses our less expensive square color film. You can save up to 25%** on every shot.

Electronic shutter, electric eye, built-in flash and it lists at $10 less than our first Square Shooter.

Now even fun comes in a new economy package.



24.95*

Polaroid's new Square Shooter 2

*Suggested list price. **Comparison based on suggested list T88-T108 film



Jock Itch is a fungal infection. It can become serious. It can keep coming back even though you try all manner of "remedies," from baby powder to petroleum jelly.

But you can get fast relief with Cruex®, the spray-on medicated powder specifically made to fight Jock Itch.

Cruex soothes itchy, inflamed skin. Cushions against further irritation. And absorbs perspiration (an important factor in the growth of Jock Itch fungi). Its medication directly attacks susceptible fungi. And because you spray Cruex on, you can reach into hard-to-get-at places and avoid the sting or burn of rubbing, dabbing, or smearing. So fight Jock Itch seriously (and help keep it from recurring) with cooling, soothing Cruex. Guaranteed to work or your money back.

CRUEX. THE MEDICATED SPRAY SPECIALLY FORMULATED TO FIGHT JOCK ITCH.

© PHARMACRAFT

COLLEGE STUDENTS: EARN MONEY

Sell TIME LIFE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED on campus. Liberal commissions. Write for details. Time Inc. College Bureau, TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

What Do Many Doctors Use When They Suffer Pain Of Hemorrhoidal Tissues?

This Exclusive Formula Gives Prompt, Temporary Relief In Many Cases from such Pain. Also Helps Shrink Swelling of Hemorrhoidal Tissues Due to Infection.

News about a most effective medication comes from a recent survey of doctors. Asked what they, themselves, use to relieve such painful symptoms, many of the doctors reporting, named one particular medication they either use themselves or in their office practice.

This medication gives prompt relief for hours in many cases from pain and itching of hemorrhoidal tissues. And it actually helps shrink swelling of such tissues caused by infection. Tests by doctors showed this to be true.

The medication used was Preparation H®—the same exclusive formula you can buy at any drug counter without a prescription. Just see if doctor tested Preparation H doesn't help *you*. There's no other formula like it. Ointment or suppositories.

light, injury and destruction are necessary. The cocks are programmed to hate and then are given man-made implements to carry out that hatred. Don't we have enough inhumanity, violence and hatred already? But maybe you have told it like it is. Unfortunately, the cocks in the cockpit seem to be a microcosm of man in his world. All we can hope for is a new generation whose ideals will be love, peace and brotherhood. If not, the same fate that came to Sandspur will soon come to each of us.

THE REV. WILLIAM L. HANOTSIK
Canarsie Reformed Church
Brooklyn

DOMINANT LAKERS (CONT.)

Sirs:

Your editor's comment concerning the low Dominance Index of the Lakers as compared to the Bucks in answer to the letter of Dennis M. Chodorow (May 22) may look good statistically, but if you take the overall picture of the NBA this season, you will have to agree with him that "the Los Angeles Lakers showed the basketball world that they were the greatest team ever put together for one season." The second- and third-place teams in this 1971-72 season had good enough records to bring the championship to either Milwaukee or Chicago. But it was the Lakers who clearly outplayed every other NBA club and captured the title. Their four-game sweep of the Chicago Bulls, their complete control of the "dream series" with Milwaukee and, finally, their ultimate victory over the Knicks easily show the quality play of the Shaiman squad. The Lakers' overall season record of 81-16 was the finest ever achieved in NBA history. And, just think, they took eight out of 11 games from the "dynasty-bound" Bucks.

BRAVEN HALLOCK
Los Altos Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

Your Dominance Index is a fallacious method of determining the greatness of a basketball team. It rewards a team for having weak opposition, while detracting from the performance of teams which succeed against stiff competition. The Milwaukee Bucks, whose high second-place average winning margin lowered the Lakers' DI, were conquered four out of five times in the regular season by the L.A. club. The Lakers also won 80% of their playoff contests against teams with high winning percentages. There is no doubt in my mind that they have completed the greatest season in the history of pro basketball.

PETER RICH
Los Angeles

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Aluminum helps spread your spreads.



One reason sandwich spreads are so easy to spread these days is the aluminum can.

It makes convenient foods more convenient.

The aluminum can is easy to store. It doesn't need refrigeration until you open it.

Opening it is also easy, with the easy-opening full-panel end. It opens in a snap, with just a pull.

Once you open it, the package can be resealed (with a plastic lid) and kept in the refrigerator.

Now who would ever have thought of a can that helps you spread your spreads.

We think it's worth spreading the word.

Change for the better with aluminum packaging

ALCOA

It must be hard to make a whiskey taste soft. Nobody else does.



Plenty of distillers tried to match that one-of-a-kind soft taste of Calvert Extra. Because sipping this soft tasting whiskey is a very popular American pastime.

They have their work cut out. They'll have to try, as we did, endless variations in distilling formulas.

This can take years. And dollars. By the million. Even then, if they don't know what we know about making Soft Whiskey, they don't stand a chance.

But forget about how hard 86 proof Calvert Extra is to make. Just think of how soft it is to taste.

CALVERT EXTRA. THE SOFT WHISKEY.

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS ©1972 CALVERT DIST. CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.